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THE SPHERE, JULY 3, 1943
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Vol. CLXXIV No. 2267 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC JULY 3 1943

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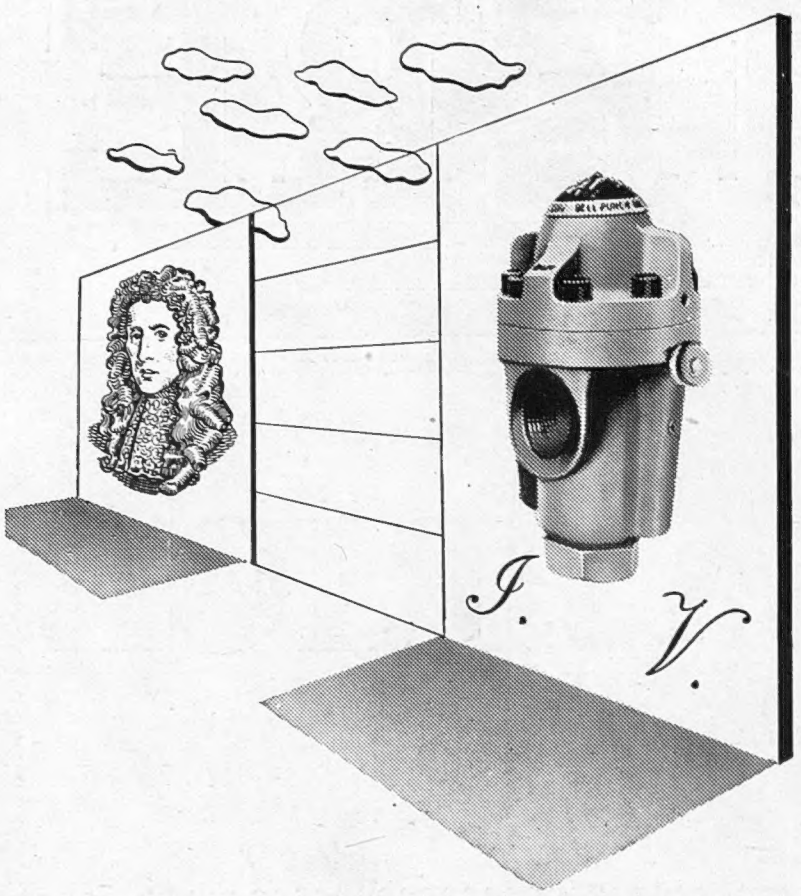

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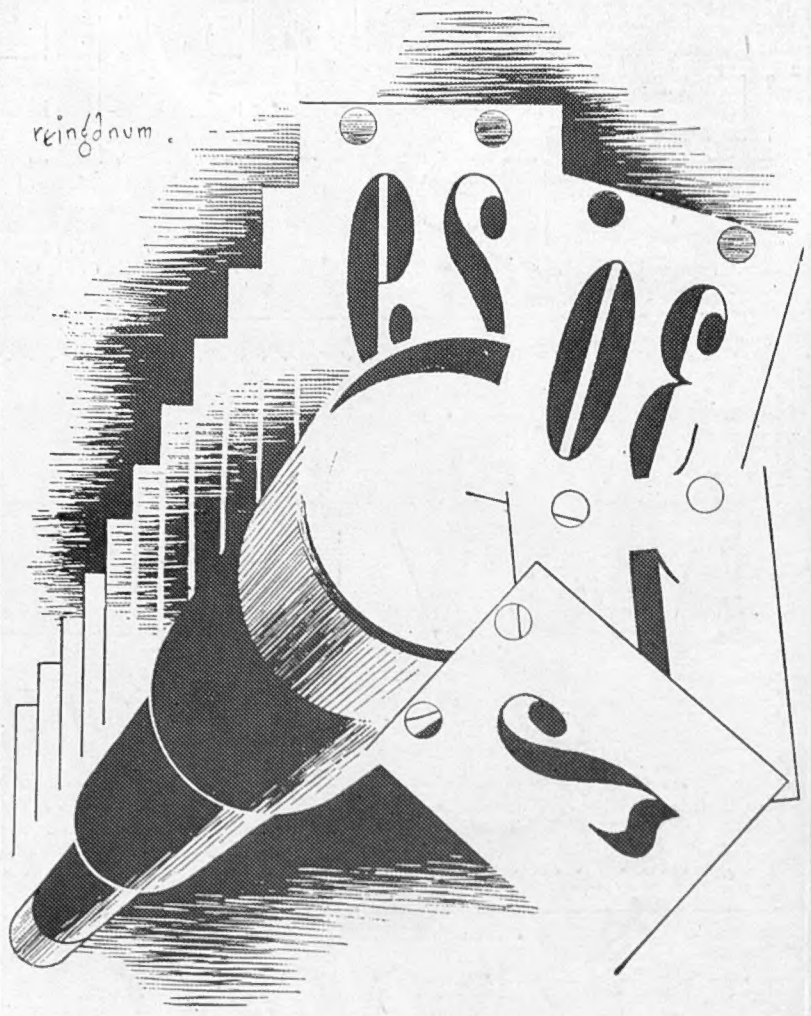

FORESIGHT

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Volume CLXXIV No. 2267 The SPHERE, London, July 3, 1943

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

THE KING IN TUNIS MEETS PAULINE BERTOLI, A YOUNG GIRL GUIDE WHO HAS BEEN AWARDED THE FRENCH CROIX DE GUERRE for hiding thirty Allied escaping prisoners of war whilst the Germans were still in occupation of the city

Amongst the many visits paid by the King during his North African and Mediterranean tour was one to the city of Tunis. As he drove in, the citizens had lined the streets to greet him, and the Union Jack was everywhere displayed. After more serious matters had been disposed of, the King talked with a number of Boy Scout leaders and Girl Guides: it was then that Pauline Bertoli was presented to him. She is a sixteen-year-old Girl Guide who was recently presented with the French Croix de Guerre, which she was actually wearing for the meeting with the King. During the German occupation of Tunis, Pauline Bertoli had aided thirty prisoners of war to escape from the Axis, despite the grave risks she ran in doing so; most of these prisoners were French, but there were also a few Englishmen amongst them. In the background of the picture above is Lieut.-General Anderson, Commander-in-Chief of the victorious First Army in North Africa, who accompanied the King during the Tunis visit

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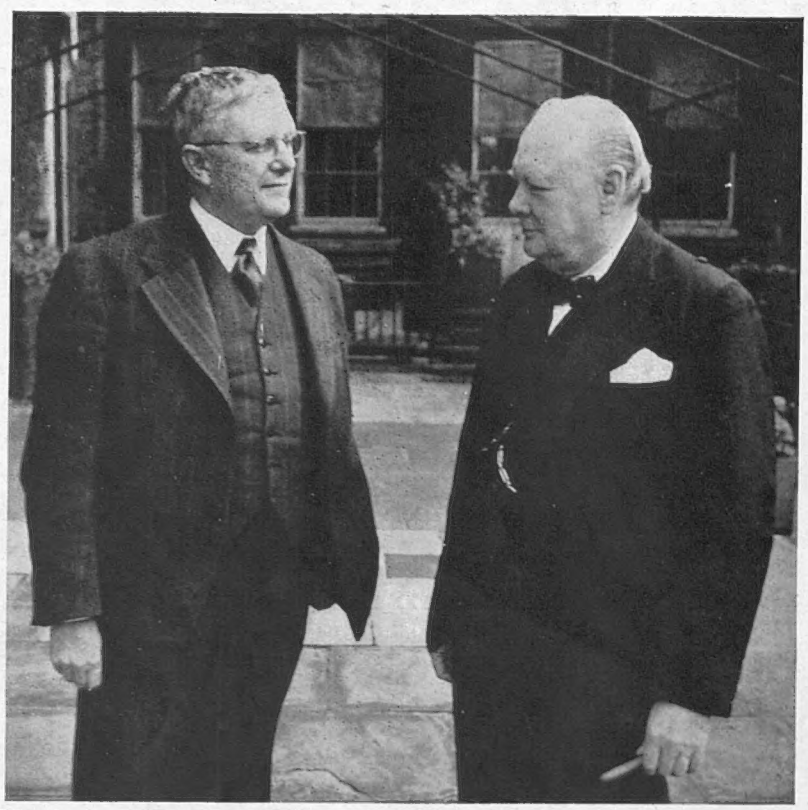
A WAR NEWSLETTER—No. 200

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1

Hitler ?—If the Führer does not soon make another brief appearance on the stage, all the crop of rumours about his continued existence and/or mental state will spring up again, like the weeds in our gardens. For, indeed, the mystery surrounding him grows deeper and more stimulating. One has no need to be a C.I.D. man or an Intelligence sleuth to note the extraordinary pointers. A year ago the man was the cornerstone of Nazi propaganda, the linch-pin of the Nazi applecart. Goebbels and Göring had only to breathe the Revered Name to answer any mild criticism and silence any doubts and banish any despondency: "Leave it to the Führer," "Have faith in our Leader," "Be patient; our Führer has it in hand; He is always right and always wise." But now they seldom mention him. On the contrary, they admit that many mistakes were made; they indicate that new "Army leaders" have been at pains to repair some of the more blatant strategic errors of the Leader. They make it quite clear that some of their Führer's guesses were bad guesses, and not divine inspiration after all. They do it by implication, for they seldom mention his name or title; and deeper and deeper fall the silence and the shades round that once potent and certain and convincing Answer to frail despondency and feeble criticism. And Hitler, wherever he may be, acquiesces in the growing obscurity and makes no effort to break out. When God at last grew bored with Herr Hitler, a year or so ago, we assumed that the German nation would sooner or later follow suit, the Army leaders first, the nation next, and the inner ring of the party last. And this reaction seems to have already gone far. Indeed, the evidence stares us in the face. Where is the man and what is his condition of mind and body? "Is he in Heaven; is he in Hell?" Alive or dead, we may be sure of one thing. His mind is in Hell. And the most sadistic and revengeful imagination among his victims could not improve on that Hell of humiliation and self-pity.

Discordant Elements.—I deliberately kept off the delicate grass of two very disturbing and contentious subjects—the American coal strikes and the continued signs of disunity in the "All-France" Committee at Algiers. While disagreement continues, these are very sorry matters, and, on their face, they give the appearance of personal objects blocking the smooth and efficient progress of the common cause at a very vital and dangerous time. Yet for the general public and the Press restraint and patience are always necessary. We know too little of the causes of either of these discordant elements to justify sweeping or trenchant criticism; and at any moment a happy compromise may be reached. We have no right to declare that in the hierarchy of the French military caste there are jealousies and prejudices which no amount of tact and restraint can remove; nor that in the body of the American mineworkers there is a large element still thinking in terms of peace and personal profit. Indeed, in the history of political and industrial disputes there have been few instances in which right has been all on one side, or all the pettiness, selfishness and partiality on the other. We can only make the generalisation that this hour, if any, is the hour for greatness, and that greatness is best achieved by sacrifice of self, by postponing the fight even for admitted justice to the individual, by accepting a compromise in a common cause of infinitely greater importance, since on the success of the common cause depends every hope of the just aspirations of the individual, or a whole nation, being one day achieved. It would be pure ignorance, mere petulance, sheer mischief, lightly to condemn (according to one's imperfect information and bias) either



DR. H. V. EVATT, OF AUSTRALIA, WHO IS NOW IN LONDON AT THE PRIME MINISTER'S INVITATION. Dr. Evatt is Minister for External Affairs and Attorney-General in Mr. Curtin's Government. He arrived here on June 15 from New York, where he had just completed a special mission on behalf of the Commonwealth Government. Whilst here he has been attending meetings of the Cabinet, and this picture with Mr. Winston Churchill was taken in the courtyard of No. 10, Downing Street after one such meeting. Dr. Evatt is one of Australia's most distinguished statesmen. He is 49 years of age and entered the Legislative Assembly of New South Wales in 1925. He has been a Member of the House of Representatives for Barton, New South Wales, since 1940

General Giraud or General de Gaulle, or Mr. Lewis or the mass of mineworkers or owners, as tinged with personal ambition or actuated by blind and selfish obstinacy. We must not deny to any party involved pure motives for taking a stand in normal times. For the matters in dispute are of great importance. We can but question whether at *this* time any motives can justify holding up even for an hour the progress of the common cause.

Sympathy for the Tiger?—I have often been struck since 1938 by the abnormal time taken by our Government and B.B.C. and even our Press to note a reaction or tendency setting firmly in in the public mind. An early realisation of such reactions is, of course, vitally important to all such institutions in a democratic country; and usually they are swiftly noted, with effect on policy. But in this war the process is often curiously slow, and the reason perhaps is found in the strongly felt duty of Government, B.B.C. and Press to lead and guide and control, rather than to follow and serve, public opinion in war; and there is justification for that duty, admittedly. An instance now in point is the publicity given—and in theory rightly given—to the effects of our bombing on Axis targets. It so happens, unfortunately, that this form of warfare does not lend itself to attractive or interesting statistical publicity. It suffers the same handicaps as do the memoirs and records of big-game hunters and crack shots—a catalogue of tigers "grassed," or high pheasants perfectly killed over the high clumps, makes sorry reading and reiterative reading. And so with bombing. The phrases and descriptions grow boring with repetition, the statistical tables of damage done (so many acres devastated, so many 8,000-pounders per minute dropped, smoke rising to two miles, fires seen from the Dutch coast, a particularly gigantic explosion giving off a blue light, and so on) possess a sameness and a restriction of descriptive power which (quite clearly, I should say) already satiate the public, and bore and even disgust the weaker brethren. In short, our sympathies begin to shift to the side of the tiger. That is the *danger*, that the weakness of bombing publicity. A new type of bomb-bore is in evidence, this time not the victim but the executioner. I go among all sorts and conditions of men and the evidence of their reactions to "bomboast" is strong. It is most important that we should not "soften," and it is fair criticism and clear patriotism to offer a hint to these institutions of the dangers inherent in pursuing a form of "bomboast" publicity which tends to bore or disgust, rather than to stimulate and encourage the public at a critical time. The tiger is very dangerous still and it is up to him, and not to the Allies, to create sympathy for himself.

Make it Washing-Day.—When I read that four Conservative M.P.s ("Tory," for once, would be the right label) had decided on a motion of censure of the B.B.C. for employing Priestley to broadcast for the "Left," I rubbed my eyes. It struck me that here was an instance of Parliamentary triviality and waste of time. I confess a partiality for Priestley's broadcasts. He is a master of a new technique, not yet generally perfected. His methods also interest me. He relies (as I do with the pen) on repetition of points and arguments to drive them home. As for his matter, I find it innocent enough—indeed, often ingenuous. He is so optimistic about our national "change of heart," our new brotherhood and friendliness and selflessness; our tardy discoveries about the evils of selfish aims, snobbery, showmanship of elaboration and luxury. I find his matter wholesome, patriotic and stimulating, if idealistic. My own readers sometimes warn me I am "moving to the Left," going red. I doubt this. It is true I see red when I conjure up pictures in my memory of Edwardian week-ends, or remember such pre-war institutions as multiple directors, lounge-lizards, "socialites" and the publicity given to their doings, all the snobbery and exclusiveness of fashionable life before and between wars, and the easy money that came to amateur stockbrokers and how they spent it. But I am not one for violent changes or even peaceful revolutions. Time and economic changes move things quite fast enough and effectively enough for me, without the breath of tub-thumpers. And I am a last-ditch defender of scores of our ancient traditions and institutions. I found nothing to quarrel with in Priestley's first washing list. (I could have added to it.) Indeed, he stimulated and pleased me very much, and I wished that his wholesome optimism might not cause him future disappointment. I am afraid I label those four Conservative Members as silly asses, wasting Parliamentary time with foolish braying. There are plenty of better subjects for a vote of censure.

There's Sense in His View.—A friend of mine, a working farmer, in politics Liberal, and at heart, I believe, republican, wrote to me the other day, apropos of a book which I had told him "breathed the Age of Privilege": "The Age of Privilege? Not much of that left in the 'nineties. 1789 and 1832 dealt Privilege mortal blows." [Here I dissent from his views. Those years *jolted* Privilege, but I should say that Privilege enjoyed one of its highest of high kicks in the Edwardian Reign—Privilege enlarged and gilded, no doubt, with newly-minted gold.] "Curious" (he goes on) "that people choose this moment to deride specially Public Schools, University education and Aristocracy! For I say that if Hitler and Mussolini had been sent to Eton and Christchurch and had the manners and polish of men like Edward Halifax and Cranborne, surely the world would to-day be a better, a happier, and saner, and more decent place. Some people talk as though there were positive merit in being an uneducated boor." The writer, who was never at a public school, may put his view one-sidedly or too trenchantly (the cry to-day is rather that the public schools and universities should be thrown open to all classes); but his view contains the essence of truth. You cannot avoid the conclusion that, if the dictators had enjoyed the culture (let alone the knowledge of history and human nature) which the named Englishmen derived from our Privileged Institutions, it is not a possibility, it is a certainty, that our world to-day would be less hideous. First to last, the fearful events of 1938 to date had their origins in the primitive barbarity and boorishness of a handful of individuals, on whose personal vanity and petty ambition more than once the torture or reprieve of mankind hung. The blackest crimes of the Nazis would have been impossible if a man of even modest culture had been at the head of the German State.

W. W. Jacobs.—I read with great sorrow of W. W. Jacobs's serious illness. The high priest of humour in my youth has been so long out of mind, though no successor ever filled his chair. I had almost forgotten that he was still alive at eighty-five. Infinite was the pleasure he gave me in my youth, innumerable the tickles served out by his night-watchmen and Wapping worthies, male and female, young and old. Instinct with humour and humanity, pure and far from profane, was life on his barges in the river and coastwise reaches. We used to wait for and pounce upon the latest Jacobs as we pounced on the latest Sherlock Holmes story, and we retailed his sallies as our fathers retailed those of Dickens. And this master of Wapping humour could make our flesh creep, too. He was a master of horrors. There was the monkey's paw as well as Sam Small's trousers. The name of W. W. Jacobs comes back to me with sadness for time passed and gratitude for golden hours forgotten. *Pereunt . . . sed imputantur.*

THE OLD STAGER

THE KING RECEIVES A WONDERFUL WELCOME THROUGHOUT THE GEORGE CROSS ISLAND : The scene as the royal car passed through the bomb-scarred but gaily-decorated streets of Valetta, the Maltese capital, which was packed with crowds of cheering people

The KING in MALTA and NORTH AFRICA

On Sunday, June 20, his Majesty visited Malta, Britain's island-fortress in the Mediterranean. He was met by Viscount Gort, V.C., Governor of the Island, on arrival; and then proceeded to inspect some of the most-bombed parts of Malta accompanied by the parish priests. The streets of Valetta, the capital, scarred by heavy enemy bombings, were crowded as his Majesty drove through the town; when he stepped on to the balcony of the Palace (where he had stopped to be shown the Cross which is Malta's proudest possession) the people below broke into prolonged cheering. Naval, Army and Air Force stations were inspected, and visits were paid to the Dockyard and to Senglea. Flag-decked streets everywhere met the King

THE KING CONFERS A KNIGHTHOOD ON A DESERT AIRFIELD IN AFRICA : Air Marshal Sir John Linnell is Deputy Commander-in-Chief, H.Q., Middle East; he is here seen kneeling on the sandy soil at the edge of a runway, to be touched on the shoulder with a ceremonial sword. It was the first ceremony of the kind for many years to be performed by a British King on the actual field of battle

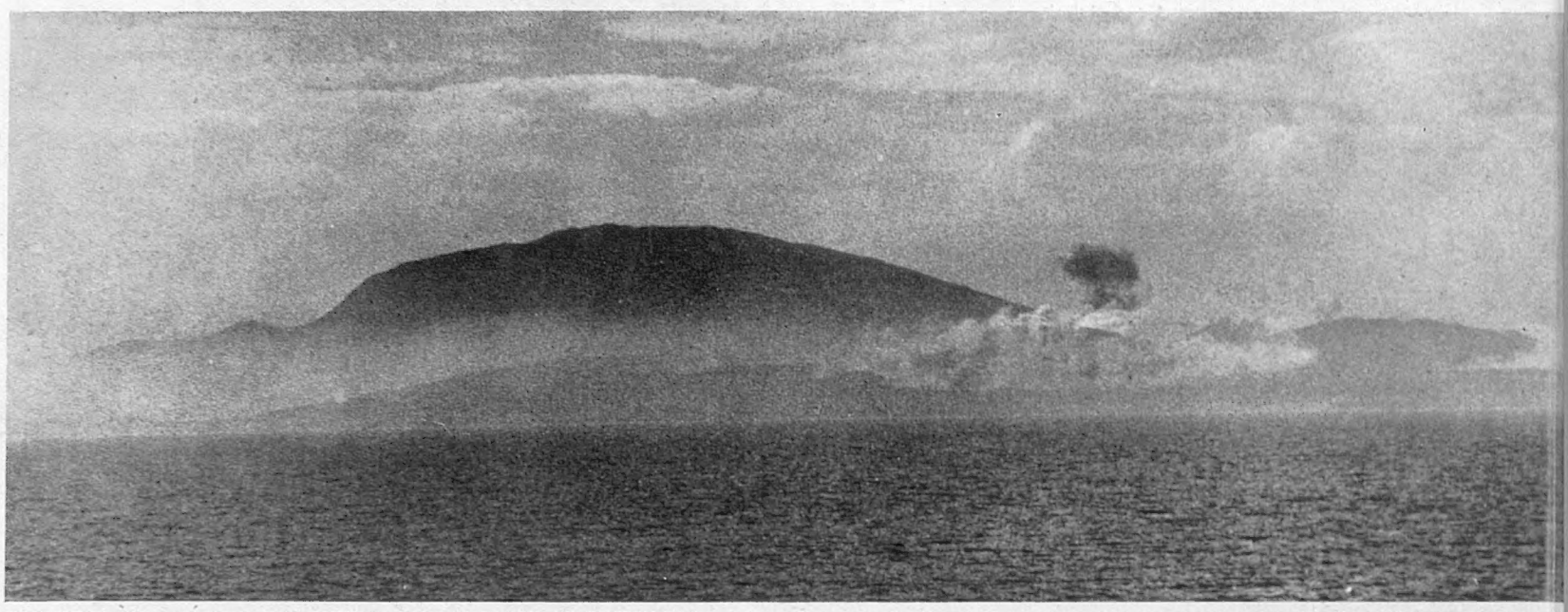
AT AN AIRPORT IN NORTH AFRICA, the King meets a number of British, American and French pilots. His Majesty was met by General Anderson, Air Chief Marshal Tedder and General Spaatz (of the U.S. Air Forces), and the Secretaries of State for War and Air were also present

INSPECTING A GERMAN MARK VI., OR "TIGER," TANK IN TUNIS, just before reviewing French Scouts and Guides who were paraded in an open square opposite. Note the Crusader badge of the First Army now painted on the front of this captured tank

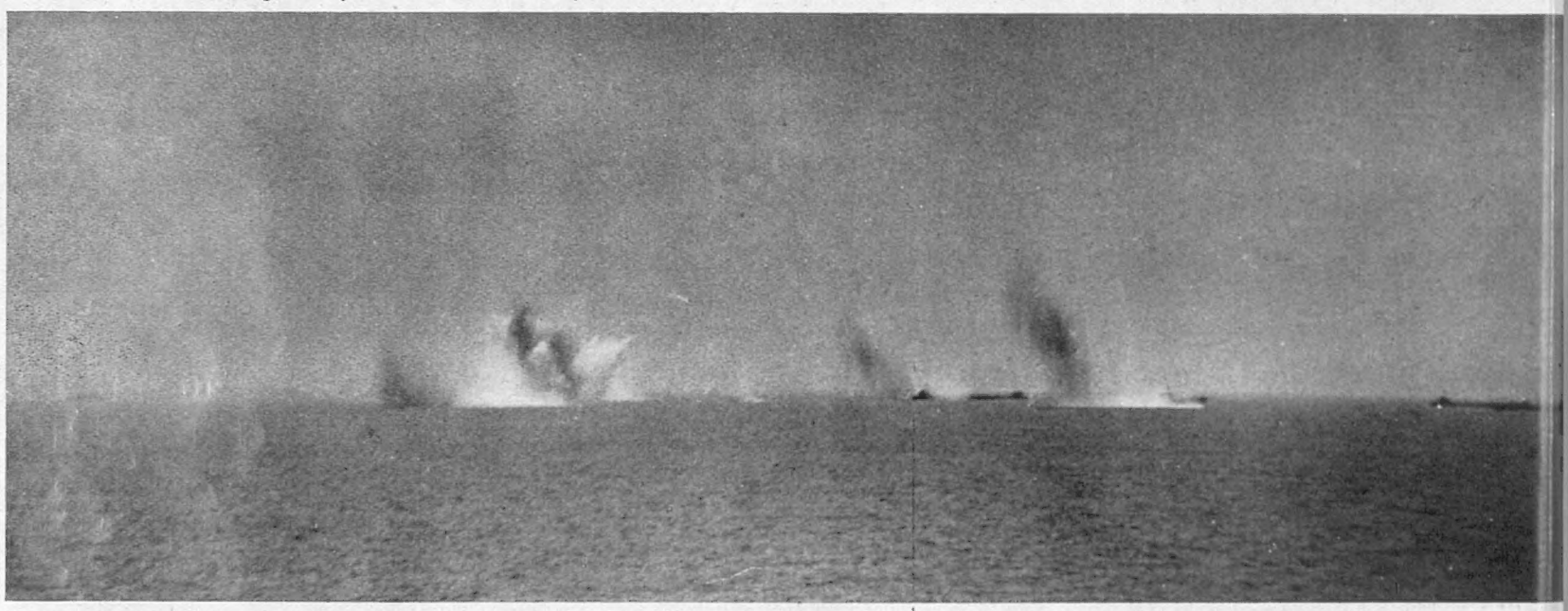
The Capture of PANTELLARIA and LAMPEDUSA, Stepping-Stones to Italy

—Official Pictures Taken Before and After the British Landings

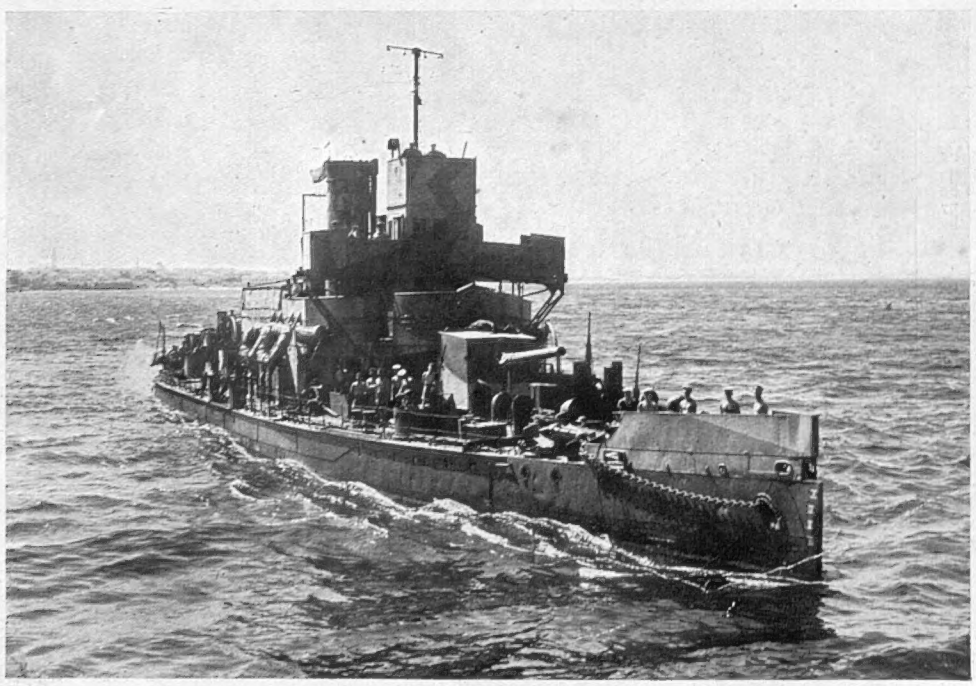
Pantellaria surrendered to the Allied forces bombarding the island from the air and s on June 11: the fall of Lampedusa came shortly afterwards. On these pages, and pages 14-19 of this issue, we publish the first official pictures to reach England of t scenes immediately preceding and following these events. By the capture of all t Italian islands in the Sicilian Narrows the way to Sicily, Sardinia and Italy is n open—and our sea routes through the Mediterranean have been immensely strengthene For the first time in this war, the Air Arm has demonstrated, in amazing fashio what it can do when concentrated in overwhelming and unopposed strength



HOW THE NAVY WATCHED THE BOMBING OF THE ISLAND OF PANTELLARIA: A long-distance photograph from one of the naval vessels, showing Allied bombs burstin in the Harbour. This picture was taken in the early morning as the jagged silhouette of the island loomed up out of the morning mist: soon afterwar "bombs began to pour down from the sky . . . and the area around the Harbour appeared suddenly to erupt, almost to boil . . ."



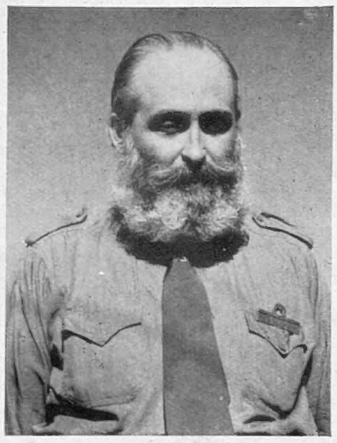
LANDING-CRAFT CONTAINING BRITISH RESERVE TROOPS GOING ASHORE BEING BOMBED FROM THE AIR BY ENEMY AIRCRAFT. Previously Italian shore batteries ha put up a slight resistance to the landing parties: when this opposition had been overcome, German and Italian aircraft came over and attempted to hinde the transport of our reserve troops, but soon the island was firmly in British possession



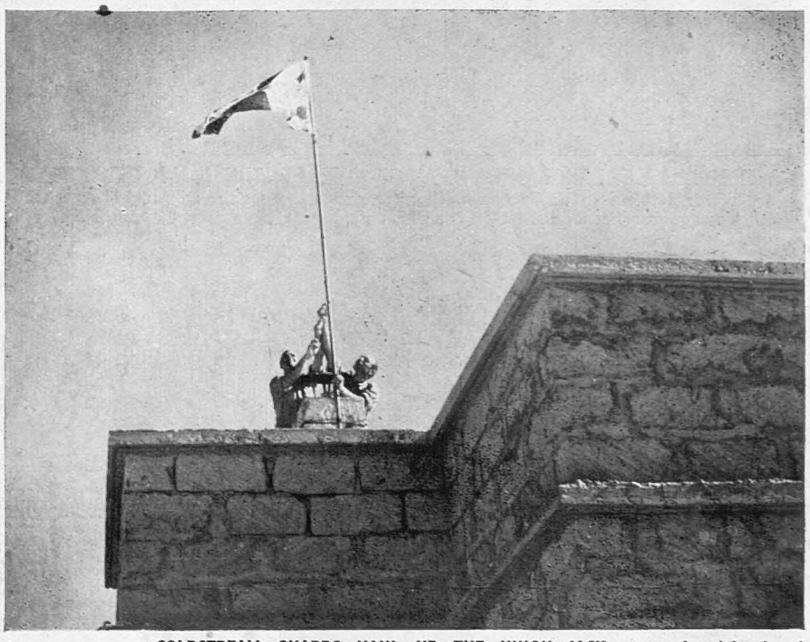
H.M.S. "APHIS" AT PANTELLARIA. This British river gunboat was present during the naval bombardment of the island, and hurled 6-in. shells on the Italian defenders and battery positions. She is a vessel of 625 tons and mounts two big guns

BRITISH TROOPS ADVANCING INLAND FROM THE FORT pass Italia prisoners and a truck bearing the white flag. After th surrender of the island, Allied troops advanced acros Pantellaria from the port to the airfield strictly to schedule At the latter place the surrender of the Governor was formall made, as recorded on page 14 of this issue. The fin air assault, on June 11, lasted for 76 minutes, after whic the bomb-shocked defenders were only too eager to capitula

BRITISH TROOPS MANNING THE LIP OF A BOMB-CRATER IN FRONT OF "SEMAPHORE HILL" ON PANTELLARIA, with a blazing petrol dump in the distance. The Hill overlooks the wrecked airfield: it was the scene of Admiral Pavesi's surrender after he had been brought in from the mountains, where he and his staff had taken refuge. This part of the island was everywhere scarred by bomb- and shell-craters, the result of the joint Allied onslaught

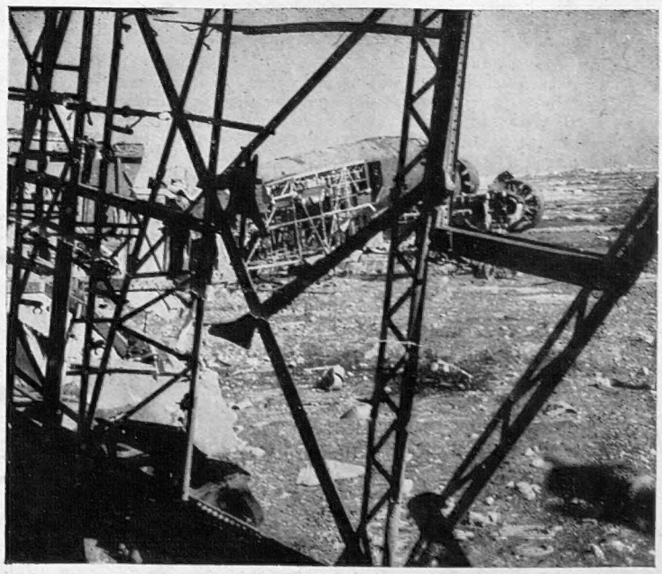


THE ITALIAN COMMANDER OF THE LAMPEDUSA GARRISON (on left) and his English-speaking deputy. The island of Lampedusa (which lies in the Narrows some hundred miles to the south of Pantellaria) fell on June 13, after a period of short but intense bombardment. Its harbour was a base for Italian E-boats, and the island has a small but useful airfield. On the same day the Navy also visited the still smaller island of Lampione and took possession, with no difficulties or opposition. The British destroyer *Troubridge* escorted the landing craft, which went ashore at Lampedusa: a party of seventy Coldstream Guards were among the troops who took possession of the island after its fall



COLDSTREAM GUARDS HAUL UP THE UNION JACK over the island of Lampedusa. White flags blossomed everywhere after a few hours of bombardment from the sea and air—and the second Italian island in the Sicilian Narrows was ours

CAPTURED WEAPONS AND AMMUNITION is piled in the Square of the port by Italian prisoners at Lampedusa. Great quantities used by the 3,000 men of the garrison were taken over and are now being sorted and classified by the British landing parties



THE SCENE ON THE AIRFIELD AT LAMPEDUSA. Wrecked Ju.52 transport aircraft litter the landing ground, destroyed by Allied bombs. In the far distance is the little town of Lampedusa itself

A REMARKABLE PANORAMIC VIEW OF ONE OF THE MOST DEVASTATED AREAS IN GERMANY: THIS OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH COVERS PRACTICALLY pictures taken in daylight a week after our ruinous raid on June 11. When these photographs were taken some fires were still smouldering, and eve damage has been caused by fires which appear to have swept unchecked over whole districts. Over an area of more than two square miles there is devast drifts from smouldering buildings in the neighbourhood of the main goods st

1,500 ACRES OF DEVASTATION

Dusseldorf after the Terrific Raid by the R.A.F. on June 11

—A Panoramic Impression Built-up from Reconnaissance Photographs

I magine an area stretching from Blackfriars in the east to Chelsea in the west, from Hyde Park on the north to the Houses of Parliament on the south: that is the area covered in the above panoramic view of the city of Dusseldorf, where more than 1,000 acres are now known to be devastated. This figure was reached after a first survey of the air photographs taken after the attack by our bombers on the night of June 11. When a complete count of all the damage has been made, it is thought the figures will be more like 1,500 acres—considerably over two square miles.

This is the most shattering blow to the German war potential which has so far been struck in the Battle of the Ruhr. Between the two wars, Dusseldorf became the administrative capital of the whole Ruhr district, and the leading commercial city of Western Germany. Although not strictly within the Ruhr basin, this great centre is economically in close connection with the industrial towns. Dusseldorf's heavy engineering industries made it one of the most important war towns in Germany; and the great Rheinmetall-Borsig Works, mainly engaged in the production of grenades and other armaments, is a close rival to Krupps of Essen.

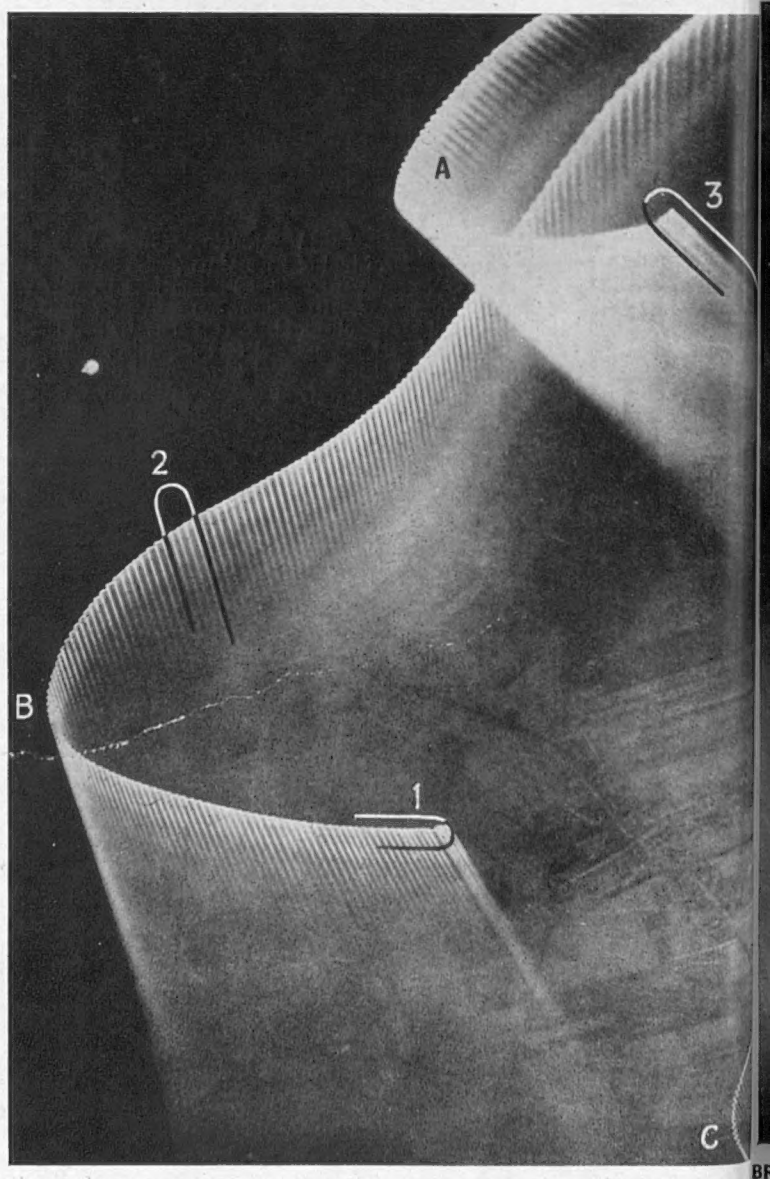
Nearly all the iron and steel, heavy engineering and armaments plants of the Rhine and Ruhr district had their head offices and administration departments in Dusseldorf, and precisely in the area which has now been laid in ruins. The armament and heavy engineering factories of Dusseldorf itself are as important as those of Essen and Duisburg, and very many of these have been hit. Dusseldorf is so essential to the German war effort that when 380 acres of the town were devastated last summer, offices as well as factories were extensively reconstructed. In spite of an acute shortage of labour and raw materials the work went on all through the autumn and last winter.

One night's bombing obliterated all this effort and left three times as much again to be done, probably an impossible task at this stage of the war. Factories which were completely reconstructed have now been as completely wrecked. Much of the damage was done by fire, which evidently swept unchecked over whole districts. Seven days after the attack fires were still smouldering, and smoke rising up. But the scars of high-explosive bombs can also be seen throughout the town. There is hardly one building in the whole of the Ost Strasse nearly a mile long, which has not been gutted.

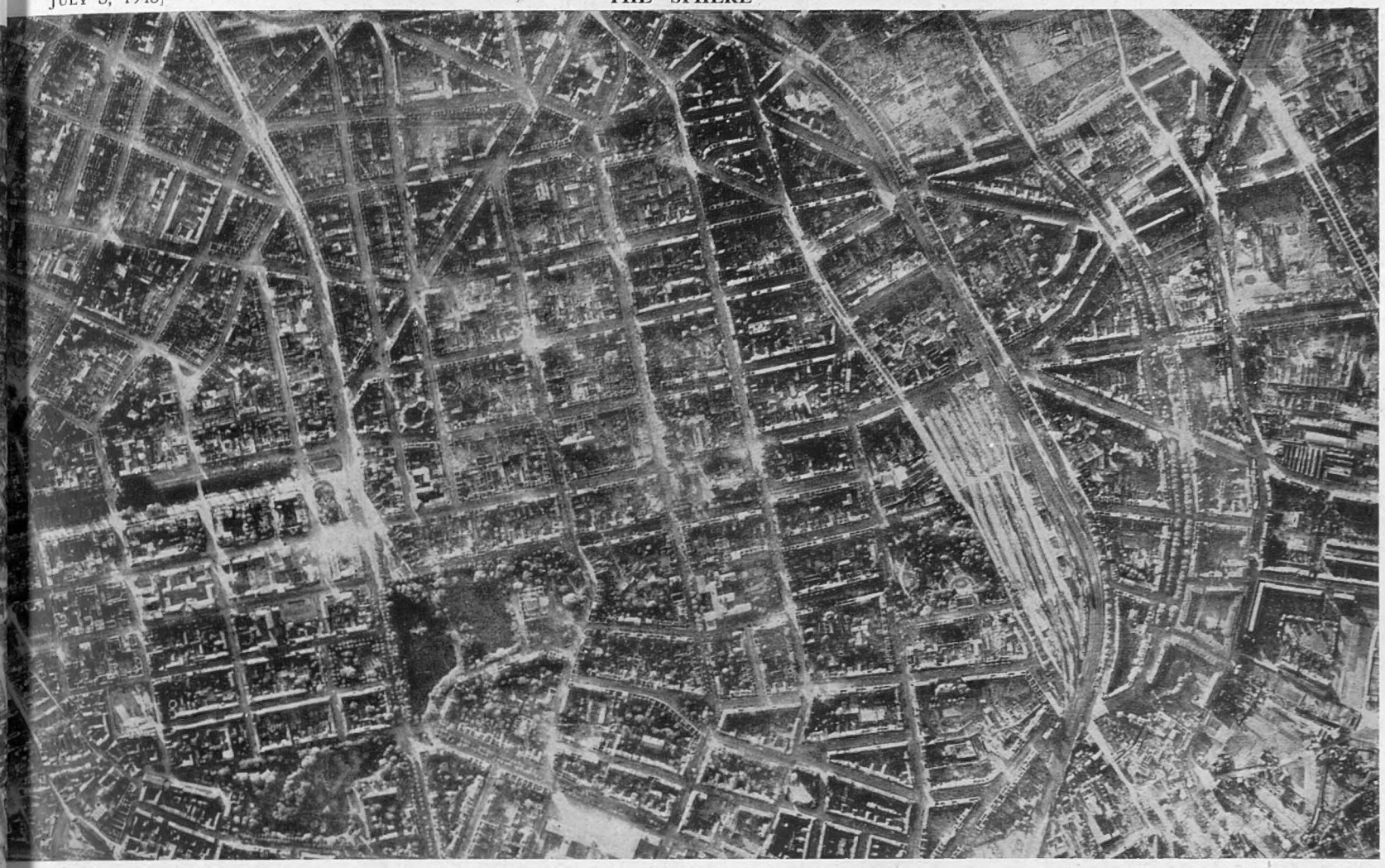
Among the war plants hit are the great Rheinmetall-Borsig factory, one of the very highest priority, making guns, shells and other armaments, and the Mannesmannrohren Werke, making iron and steel tubes, submarine mine cases, etc. The J. G. Schwietzke plant, making torpedoes and torpedo tubes, has been very severely damaged. But there is so much industrial damage that it will take some time to make a complete assessment of it. Dusseldorf is a most important transport centre, both for rail and river-borne traffic. It is one of Germany's largest inland ports, and many dockside buildings were hit in this last attack. Railway damage is severe. All the main sheds in the great Dusseldorf-Derendorf marshalling yard have been burnt out. The main railway station, heavily damaged last summer, has again been damaged by fire. The Oberkassel goods station has had many buildings gutted. There have also been many direct hits on railway lines.

The first air photographs did not completely cover all of the city. When a new survey was made, it was discovered that there were a further 100 acres of devastation.

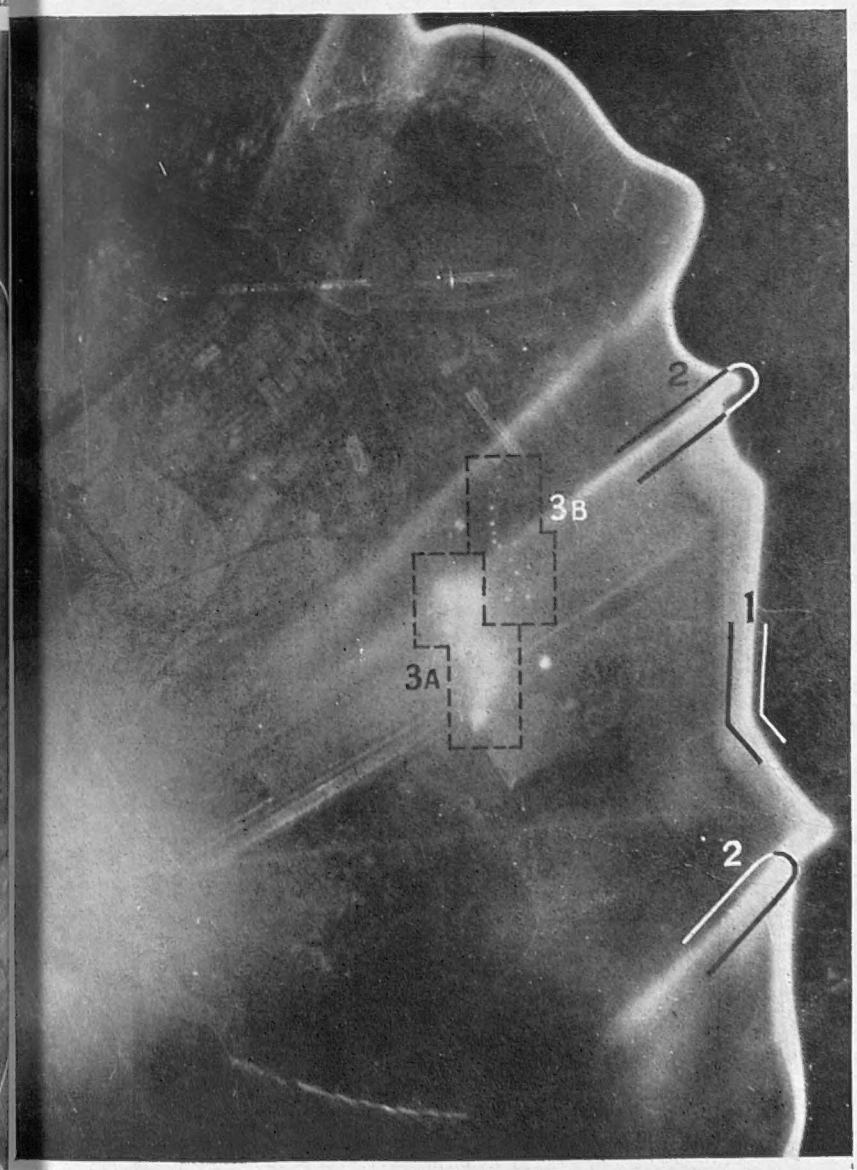
Now that the devastation of Germany's industrial towns is greater than anything known in any country in the world, it is worth remembering the words of General Milch, of May 19, 1941, after the last heavy attack on London. "Germany," he said "will never show such devastation as England and other nations which declared war on us show to-day. Germany, under the orders of the Führer, will march to final victory without the heavy loss of valuable lives and without damage being done to war materials and factories."



SEARCHLIGHT PATTERNS: TWO AIR MINISTRY PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN The picture on the left shows three searchlights in operation duri in the railway canal area to the sou



WHOLE OF THE CENTRE OF THE CITY OF DUSSELDORF, THE LEADING COMMERCIAL CENTRE OF WESTERN GERMANY: It is made up of a series of R.A.F. reconnaissance cursory examination shows that, although high-explosive incidents—denoted by blasted areas appearing as whitened patches—are numerous, the most widespread totalling more than 1,500 acres: in many parts the devastation equals 80 per cent. of the whole. In the top left hand corner of this photograph smoke still The wooded area in the left centre is the Hofgarten, one of the city's chief pleasure resorts



BRITISH AIRCRAFT WHILST ON NIGHT OPERATIONS OVER ENEMY-OCCUPIED TERRITORY. night raid on Berlin; and that on the right shows how a searchlight was recorded Dunkirk (*see explanatory notes in box on the right*)

Searchlight Patterns: The two photographs reproduced on the left are amongst the strangest yet taken by British aircraft whilst on operational flights. The flowing light patterns, which have a queer beauty all their own, were caused by the sweeping beams of searchlights recorded on the photographic negative whilst the camera's shutter was open. But to the expert in the high specialised art of photographic "interpretation" they are much more than just "pretty pictures": from these curious streaks and waves he can build up a detailed story of what was happening when the photograph was recorded.

The picture on the left was taken over Berlin. The three graceful curves indicate the presence and activity of three searchlights during a night raid. Of this photograph the interpretation expert says: "On the photograph are the tracks of three searchlights—A, B and C—which were present and active simultaneously. The track made by a searchlight can be divided into: **1**—the track of the searchlight bowl: the track crosses the photograph in wide sweeps because the aircraft was vibrating, and it is made up of little waves or steps for the same reason; **2**—the beam of the searchlights produce the curtain which lies along one side of the track of the bowl. The curtain is alternately bright and dim, because the vibration of the aircraft makes the motion of the searchlight beam across the field alternately slow and fast; **3**—the fact that the beam is visible and fades away more or less evenly, shows that there was mist or haze of considerable depth and uniformity. If the air had been clear, the beams of the searchlights would have been much less visible.

The picture on the right was taken to the south of Dunkirk. Let the expert interpret again: **1**—the track of the searchlight bowl; **2**—the track of the beam. If this moves slowly across the field or remains momentarily stationary in relation to the aircraft, its image builds up on the film: this is an extension of the effect of vibration; **3a**—fifteen bomb flames; **3b**—the second set of fifteen small spots are the intra-lens reflection of the fifteen bomb flames—each is diametrically opposite the corresponding bomb flame. The area of "glare" in the bottom left-hand corner is caused by a photo-flash bomb

A WELLINGTON BOMBER'S VETERAN CREW: Between them these five young men—average age, twenty-three—who form the crew of a Bomber Command Wellington, have made a total of 236 operational flights. They are—Warrant Officer Mellor (pilot), a former accountant from Derby—age twenty-five, 29 trips; Flight-Sergeant Webb (bomb-aimer), former clerk from Market Harborough—aged twenty-one, 56 trips; Warrant Officer Quick (navigator), shop assistant from Taunton—age twenty-three, 54 trips; Flight-Sergeant Alison (rear gunner), glass worker from Chelmsford—age twenty-three, 51 trips; Flight-Sergeant Williamson (wireless operator/air gunner), shop assistant from Darlington—aged twenty-one, 46 trips

THE END OF A GAULLIST CHAPTER

The Transference of the Centre of French Resistance from London to North Africa

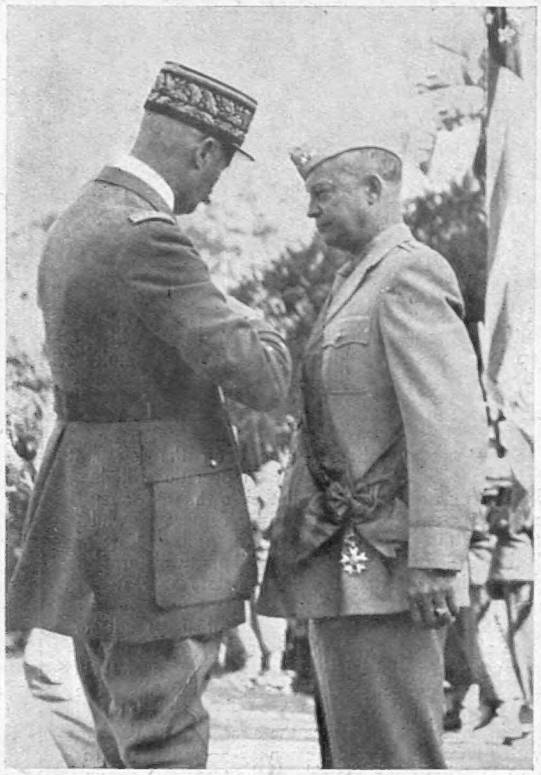
By FERDINAND TUOHY

WHATEVER transpires among the Algiers French in a rapidly evolving situation whose true bearing lies much deeper than some people here have set themselves to realise, one chapter of France in the war has come to an end. I refer to "The London Experience," as I feel sure some future French chronicler will style the de Gaulle movement in Britain from June 1940 to June 1943.

The new circumstance is the break-up of Carlton Gardens as the sole company governing and directing from without the business of France's liberation. An important headquarters will no doubt be maintained at this address, with diplomatic, military and political sections. General de Gaulle planned to visit it from time to time, but he will not again hold the reins exclusively and work the strings from London.

Is this the moment to take a backward glance, when the French are supposed to be making great nuisances of themselves in Africa? Perhaps that is all the more reason why one should do so, if it serves to isolate certain factors which cannot now be changed and are ready for the history books.

Firstly, then, Charles de Gaulle had nothing when he came here except a total disbelief that France could be picked to pieces, out of existence, by Germany or any land. In the darkest hour, he offered to fight on beside Britain, and his "France has lost a battle but not the war," may yet be found engraved



GIRAUD DECORATES GENERAL EISENHOWER. At the Palais d'Été, in Algiers, General Eisenhower was recently invested with the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour by General Henri Giraud, C.-in-C. of the French Forces in North Africa. General Giraud, who has decided not to wear any decoration until France is free again, used his personal insignia, won on the field of battle, to decorate General Eisenhower. Afterwards the latter said: "As you have decided that you will wear no decoration until France is free again, so I shall emulate your example. I shall treasure this decoration unworn, until France is liberated, and you and I can meet in the city of Metz."

on many a monument. The General's hero is Clemenceau, and he did not falter when things turned their worst for him, which was between the Oran bombardment and the Dakar fiasco of September 1940.

Vichy all but "justified" its abysmal conduct until the Battle of Britain, London's withstanding of the blitz and Wavell's and the Greeks' trouncing of the Italians combined to give the French people an utterly unexpected rebirth of hope, which the Free French in London brilliantly nursed into the Resistance movement. Practically every notable Frenchman to escape has testified to the incalculable service the Gaullists did in this respect. Once, at lunch, I heard two extreme opposites, the Socialist Philip and the Croix de Feu Vallin, say so in detail. Particularly at this juncture let us remember that without this French rock abroad, Pétain's abject submission must have ended in a nation-wide merger with Germany.

There was never the remotest doubt as to where London's French leaders stood. Sentenced to death or bereft of country and property, they were for the annihilation of Vichy and all it represented.

Carlton Gardens attracted some doubtful individuals and strange tales remain to be told, but the marvel is that arrivals were so uniformly "pure," considering the chances Laval and the Gestapo had to send agents over.

Another cause of criticism was the strongly personal role enacted by de Gaulle. But these men believe themselves to be on a crusade; it is necessary to understand the meaning of the term "mystique."

When I met General de Gaulle, I was struck by his forthrightness and his burning confidence in his mission. I can quite believe he lays about him authoritatively, but is that any of our business? I have sometimes thought that the truth about his not getting on with the English is that he has too much English in his own composition. De Gaulle is of French Flanders and quite unlike the accepted French type—mercurial, charming, excitable and so forth. He is coldly tenacious, superior, obstinate and not to be excited. The conviction that he is standing up for France and taking nothing lying down has greatly enhanced his position inside France.

Paradoxically, he has been open to attack on the charge that he was "in the Foreign Office's pocket"! Was he not being financed by Britain? Nothing was said, of course, of the goods and services supplied in return by those parts of the French Empire which rallied to the Fighting French. The Americans were not the only ones to push the idea that de Gaulle was "Britain's candidate." Goebbels and Vichy pressed it hard too.

As time went by, nearly every prominent Frenchman to escape joined de Gaulle. Men from all parties, from the Right round to the Communists, entered Carlton Gardens to salute the standard-bearer. Among them are between forty and fifty senators and deputies (including Africa), nearly all the parliamentarians that exist out of France or German concentration camps.

THE CAPTAIN OF THE SPAHIS, WHO FORM THE PERSONAL BODYGUARD OF GENERAL GIRAUD, sits for his portrait to an official war artist in North Africa. Captain Henry Marvin Carr is the only war artist accredited to the First Army: he has been busily recording on canvas the personalities and events of the North African campaign and, later, his work will be on view in London. In a Moroccan setting, Captain Carr is here seen putting the finishing touches to the portrait of a local notability in Algiers who is close to the person of General Giraud

De Gaulle had no great fighting effectives, but what he had he never held back; indeed, his complaint was that he was not called upon even when French territory was involved, like Madagascar and, later, North Africa. But there had been Dakar, while the Free French in Syria hadn't been too much of a success. On the other hand, it would be ungrateful not to remember how low our stock was then, after Greece, Benghazi and Crete, and that Generals Catroux, Legentillhomme and de Larminat did their best in a territory previously packed by Darlan and Weygand, so that it should side heavily with the Germans against us. It might be more fitting if some people here criticised the Vichy hang-over in Africa a bit more and de Gaulle a bit less. This I believe to be a view held by most Britons who have lived in France.

Subsequently, General Leclerc, from Chad, and General Koenig, at Bir Hakeim, paved the way for Zaghouan, in Tunisia, where the 19th Corps, of marked Gaullist extraction or sympathies, took over 30,000 prisoners, including masses of Germans. As the future of the French Army hangs fire, it is wise to say little. Giraud desires to lead an army of 300,000 to Metz; then he will fade out.

De Gaulle has a comprehensible anxiety as to the power such a commander could wield in the chaotic France he would enter, and wishes to found a small, brilliantly mobile and armoured force on the broad lines laid down in his 1934 book, but brought up-to-date. Before use in the task of liberation, he may want this force as a safeguard against Vichy Bourbons being planted on his country, which, he thinks, would mean civil war.

Liddell Hart once wrote to me, pointing out that I had overstated de Gaulle's part in armoured development, but at least he was well on the right lines, while his three days of battling round Arras and the Oise brought almost the only hold-up the panzers experienced in France. At any rate, de Gaulle will be missed by the French people if he does not command armour in the Liberation campaign.

But there are wheels within wheels upon which it is best not to insist. So gladly I return to Carlton Gardens.

London's Fighting French never made any trouble for us with respect to the Soviet Union, or, indeed, in regard to any foreign country. General de Gaulle has been on cordial terms with Stalin, and he still keeps the "Normandie" squadron out in Russia. His acceptance of the Communists was the real cause of some of the attacks on him. Yet how could he intelligently do otherwise, considering that there were 4,000,000 Communists in France before the war, and that there is a high prospect of double that number in the future? Quite possibly de Gaulle has concluded that the main settlement ahead in his country will have to be with the extreme Left, with such men as Thorez, who, like himself, is from Lille.

Another factor to bear in mind is that French North Africa itself has steadily come round to de Gaulle. Writes Alexander Clifford: "De Gaulle indubitably has the support of public opinion in the French Empire—for what that is worth." I should say it is worth quite a lot in view of the circumstances under which it has materialised. In addition, the municipalities of great centres like Casablanca and Algiers have subscribed, while our own war correspondents told how nearly all the French in Tunisia turned out to be Gaullist.

In one way and another, the Gaullists have made a pronounced success with their own people, and it would be a misfortune if, having put this historic movement in the saddle, we should lose its goodwill to-morrow.

Nothing that we do in the name of military or any other expediency will keep Gaullism out of France eventually, if the French people want it. But even that problem soldier, de Gaulle, must admit that smooth French military co-operation with the Allies is indispensable and that sacrifices for it are well worth while.

THE SUBMARINE "THRASHER" IS ON THE PROWL AGAIN

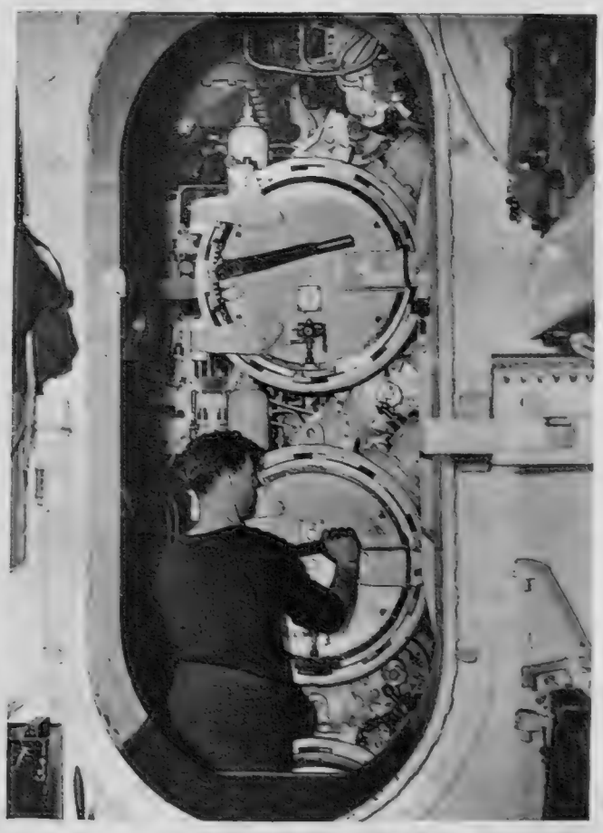
THE "DOUBLE V.C. SUBMARINE" COMES ALONGSIDE A SUBMARINE DEPOT SHIP for stores for her new cruise. She carries a complement of over fifty and cost just under £350,000 to build

HOW THE TORPEDOES WERE LOADED INTO THE SUBMARINE through a special hatch in the vessel's bow. They are then stacked below in a compartment conveniently near the torpedo-tubes: the whole vessel is aimed at the target when the torpedoes are discharged

At the beginning of this year it was announced that *Thrasher*, one of our newest submarines, had just returned to port after a patrol of 40,000 miles, during the course of which she had sunk 40,000 tons of enemy shipping. This is the vessel which holds a record for decorations—two V.C.s, one D.S.O., six D.S.M.s, two D.S.C.s and thirteen "mentions in despatches." She was commissioned for service on April 13, 1941, and sailed for her double V.C. patrol on February 13, 1942—hence her appellation of the "Lucky Thirteen ship." It has now been disclosed that *Thrasher* is again on the prowl. She has been refitted and recommissioned at a British depot. These pictures were taken just before she set off again.

IN THE TORPEDO STORAGE COMPARTMENT in the submarine's bow. The only manner in which the very long missiles can be taken aboard is through the special hatch above this compartment

OFFICERS ON THE SUBMARINE'S CONNING-TOWER. This is quite a large and prominent structure, used by the officers when the vessel is cruising on the surface. The periscope (with its aperture covered) is located in the upright post



A RATING AT THE CONTROLS IN THE FORWARD TORPEDO COMPARTMENT. Throughout the whole length of the vessel there is a maze of the most complicated and delicate instruments

A FREAK VESSEL ADAPTED FOR TRAINING PURPOSES ON THE GREAT LAKES OF AMERICA. This is the U.S.S. *Wolverine*, which is described as an Aircraft Training Ship, steaming across the wide expanse of Lake Michigan. She was formerly the *Seeandbee*, a lake steamer—of great length, built specially to negotiate locks and canals, and thus readily adaptable for conversion to her present duties. Note how the great flight-deck overhangs the vessel at bow and stern

THE IMPROVED DEFENCE OF ALLIED CONVOYS

And the Employment of Hospital Ships under Wartime Conditions

Recent Admiralty communiques in connection with the Battle of the Atlantic have made mention of H.M.S. *Biter*. This ship is one of the Royal Navy's new weapons in the fight against the U-boat—an escort aircraft-carrier. Many of them are being built or converted out of fast merchant ships and tankers. They are known to the Navy, in the friendliest way, as "Woolworth Carriers," as they are considerably smaller than the Fleet aircraft-carriers. An impression of this new type is given in the drawing below: it shows some points of difference from H.M.S. *Biter* (notably in the Control Tower to starboard), but the general scheme of construction is similar in all vessels of the type.

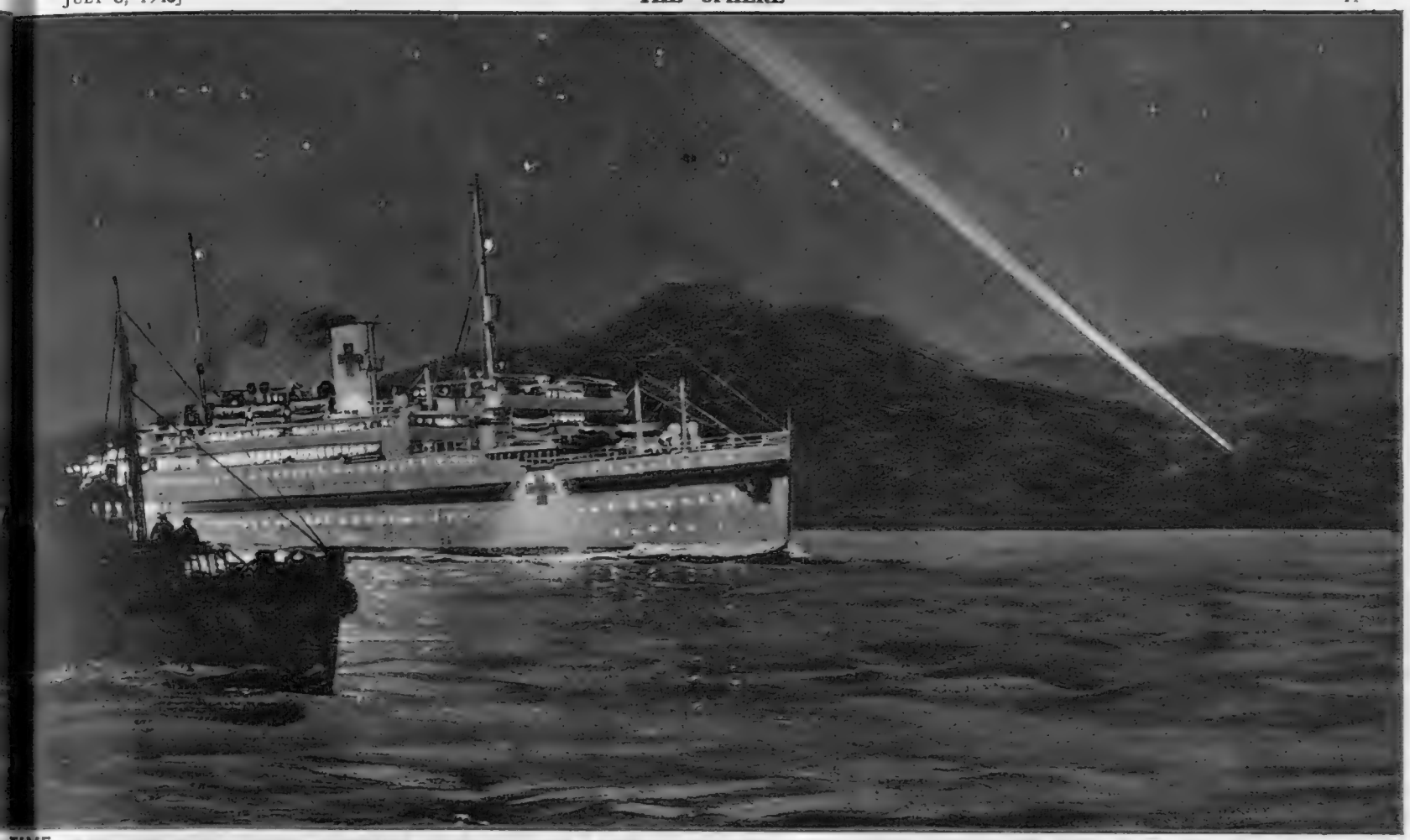
The tactical object of the escort carriers is to attack, or keep down, the U-boats in mid-ocean, in the area which is far outside the flying range of shore-based aircraft used in convoy protection. The majority of them are being built in the United States, as, in fact, was H.M.S. *Biter*, which was originally built as a merchant ship. By means of the new escort carriers, aeroplanes shield the convoys all the way across the Atlantic. Observers have described the "sensational" manner in which pilots can take off and land on the miniature flight-decks of these vessels.

During the passage of the convoy of which *Biter* formed part, team work between ships and aircraft scored a signal victory in the first major convoy operation carried out in the Atlantic by one of the new escort aircraft-carriers. The battle lasted for several days: altogether twelve U-boats were sighted by aircraft, which shadowed the enemy submarines on the surface and guided the escorts to them by radio.

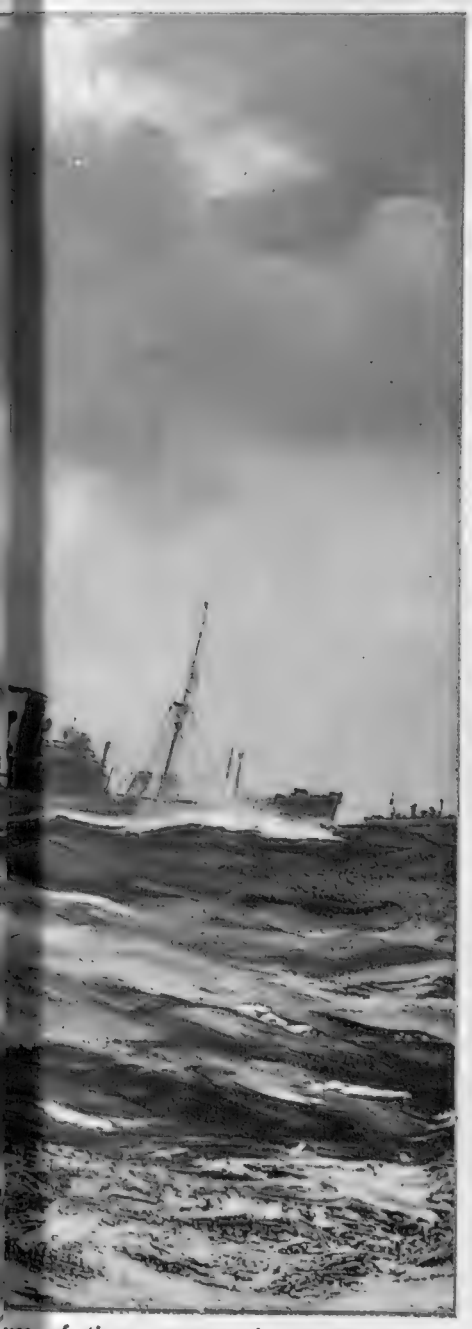
In the operation two U-boats were destroyed, three others were probably destroyed and several were damaged. Those submarines outside the immediate range of the surface ships were attacked by the aircraft flown from *Biter*'s deck, which made their attacks in face of fierce anti-aircraft fire from the submarines. Some of the latter probably never even saw the convoy

HOSPITAL SHIPS AND THEIR STATUS IN WI hull and on deck, while the ship also flies The n

ONE OF THE NEW CONVOY AIRCRAFT-CARRIERS, WHICH ARE NOW PROVIDING AN EFFICIENT AIR COVER TO MERCHANTMEN MAKING THE ATLANTIC CROSSING. merchantmen—has already resulted in a marked decrease in sinkings by enemy U-boats (see notes above)—*Drawing by Montague Da*



TIME: UNDER THE FAMOUS GENEVA CONVENTION, THEY MUST HAVE A WHITE-PAINTED HULL WITH A BROAD GREEN OR RED BAND: a large red cross is also painted on the Red Cross flag. This picture shows a British hospital ship of about 16,000 tons ablaze with lights as she sails for her home destination from one of the battlefronts. A hospital boat in the foreground is used to take the wounded men from the shore to the ships—*Drawing by Montague Dawson*



use of these new vessels—usually converted

The Hospital Ship—

The recent sinking by the Japanese of the hospital ship *Centaur*, with the loss of 300 lives, brings once more into unhappy prominence the fact that no less than forty attacks have so far been made by the enemy on our hospital ships in this war. Besides the *Centaur*, four others have been sunk—the *Ramb IV* on May 10 last year, and the *Paris*, *Brighton* and *Maid of Kent* (ex-Southern Railway Channel steamers) in the summer of 1940. Most of the attacks have been made by dive-bombers.

The famous Geneva Convention of August 22, 1864, applied only to land warfare. But in July, 1899, the powers, including Germany and Japan, met at The Hague and agreed to apply the same principles to sea warfare. By Articles I, II and III of the Convention, hospital ships are made exempt from capture or attack. In return, their names have to be made known; they may be visited and examined on the high seas by the enemy; they must obey any sailing directions they are given by enemy warships; they must give succour to either side indiscriminately; they must accept a representative of the enemy if so requested; they must avoid the scene of an actual battle; they may not be used for any other purpose, and they must show the prescribed distinguishing marks. These are a white-painted hull, with a broad green or red band. A large red cross is now also customarily painted on the hull and on deck, while the ship also flies the Red Cross flag as well as its own ensign. They do not sail in convoy, but alone, and are brilliantly lit at night.

There are three classes of hospital ships; those operated by the Army, usually with Merchant Navy personnel; those operated by the Navy, but, of course, unarmed and complying, like the Army's, with the Hague requirements, and those operated by independent relief societies. All three types have been attacked indiscriminately in this war, as in the last.

Practically all hospital ships are passenger liners, especially chartered and fitted out for their purpose. Only one ship is listed in *Jane's* as being in regular commission, by the Navy, as a hospital ship, and that is the twenty-year-old 10,000-tonner *Maine*.

THE WORK OF THE AIRCRAFT-CARRIER IS NOT CONFINED TO THE DAYLIGHT HOURS. Here is an impression of how aircraft continue to operate at night, by means of floodlit flight-deck and signal lamps—*Drawing by Roland Davies.* Although the general impression is that aircraft flown from a carrier can only operate by day, this is not the case. There have been occasions during the present war when night flying from a flight-deck has been carried out. As on land, this is only possible by means of floodlights and signal lamps, as indicated here: in addition, to indicate their exact position to other aircraft and to the officers in the control tower and on the flight-deck, all the planes taking part in night operations show wing-tip navigation lights when in the vicinity of the aircraft-carrier. The type of plane shown here is the Fairey Fulmar, of the Fleet Air Arm: the scene is a big naval carrier off the Sardinian coast, during an attack on one of the island's bases

AN UNUSUAL SETBACK FOR AMERICAN FLYING FORTRESSES RAIDING GERMANY BY DAYLIGHT. How the returning bomber force was attacked by German fighters dropping out of cloud cover as the Fortresses began to cross the water for their home bases after an attack on Kiel. Twenty-four of the big American bombers were lost as a result of this unusual encounter—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

WAR IN THE AIR

Fortresses Meet with Disaster Over the Sea; The Capture of Pantellaria by Air Power Alone; The Naples Bombing Route

—Special Drawings by Sphere Artists

IN mid-June an official U.S. communiqué made public the loss of twenty-six American Flying Fortresses during a daylight raid on Kiel. This loss was so out of the usual that an examination of the circumstances surrounding the particular raid is of particular interest.

Mr. Stimson, U.S. Secretary of State for War, announced a few days after the first reports that the actual loss was twenty-four, as two of the bombers had later returned to their bases. Even so, it was unexpectedly large. Mr. Stimson's explanation is that the Fortresses encountered an exceptional resistance in the air from enemy fighters of varied descriptions: this is borne out by other reports.

The air battle has been generally described as the biggest in which the U.S. Air Force has yet taken part. Mr. Stimson stated that more than 200 German fighters tackled the Fortresses over Kiel, where twenty of the raiders were lost. At Bremen only twenty-five German fighters were encountered, with correspondingly lower losses to the U.S. raiders. "The large number of Fortresses destroyed," Mr. Stimson said, "might be due to the fact that the attacking force had been sighted by enemy reconnaissance planes or patrol boats shortly after leaving British bases. The Germans apparently deduced correctly that Kiel was going to be attacked."

In addition to losses over and around the target itself, it appears that a sudden attack was made upon the U.S. aircraft as they made their way homewards. It was over the coast when it happened. That losses occurred here is supported by the announcement of the rescue of the crew of ten of the Fortress "Shackeroo," which landed in the sea subsequent to sustaining damage during the raid. The crew were rescued by British torpedo-boats ten hours later.

The report which mentioned the coastal action stated that besides Focke-Wulf and Messerschmitt day fighters, and Junkers 88 bombers, the *Luftwaffe* put up a variety of night-fighter aircraft.

Major Francis E. Pillear, one of the squadron commanders, said that the German fighters adopted a new attack technique. "We were on the way home when a group of about thirty fighters, which had been hiding in a cloudbank, suddenly swarmed down on us," he said. "We thought that the enemy had broken off the fight at the coast, but they were eager and hung on. They paid for it, however, because our formation knocked down plenty of them."

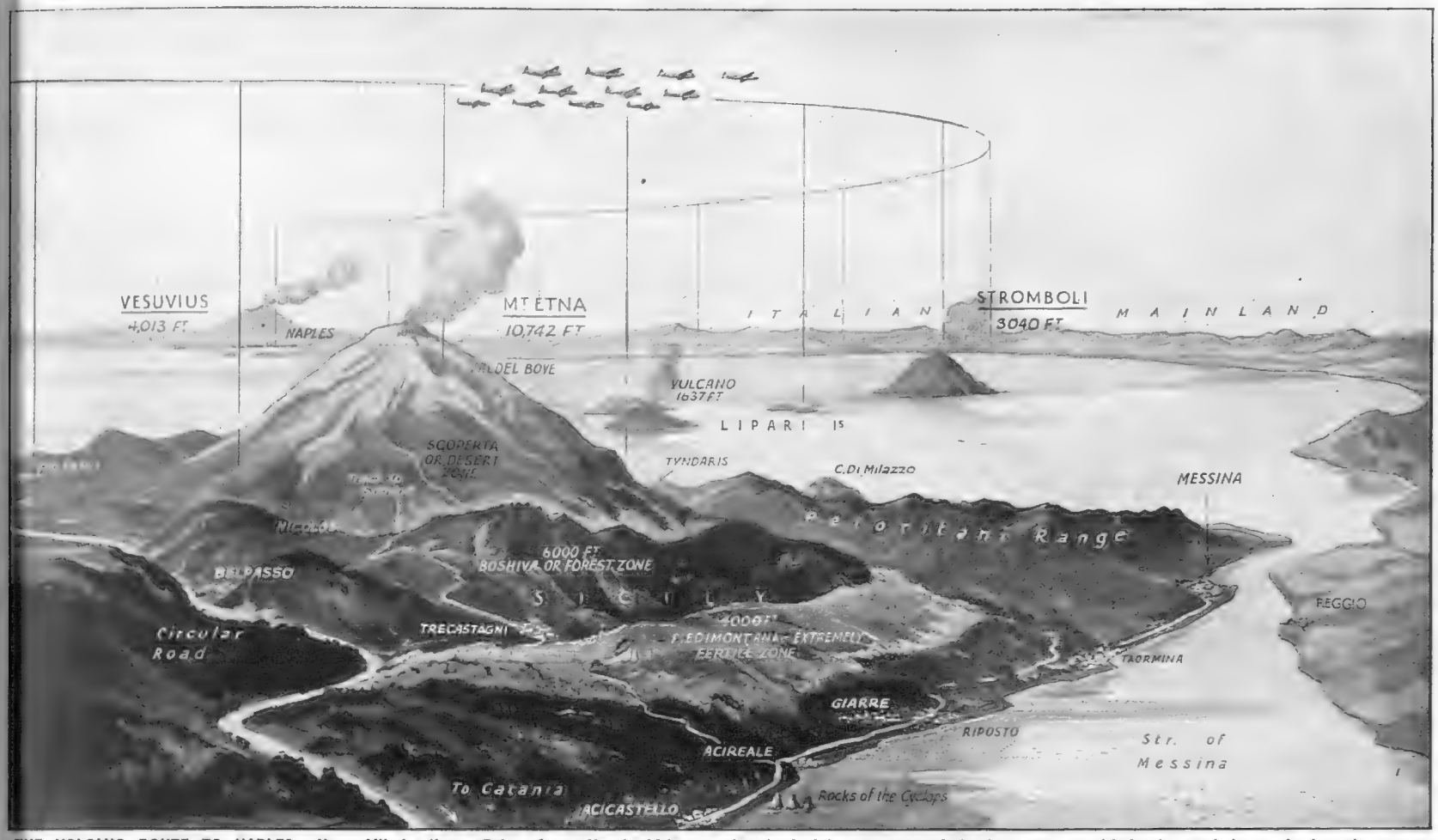
It is this moment of attack which our artist depicts in the drawing above. The Germans are shown concentrating on the tail gunners, for that has been characteristic of their recent tactics when meeting the U.S. bombers. It should be noted that owing to the great fighting capacity of the Fortresses in formation, they were on this occasion, as on many others, without fighter escort.

PROTECTIVE ARMOUR FOR THE CREWS OF FLYING FORTRESSES. Like the knights of old, crew-members of the U.S. heavy bombers will soon be mounting their aircraft clad in protective armour. Already 16-lb. sleeveless vests made of manganese steel have been worn during raids on Europe, and more of these will be issued to all American crews as soon as production permits. They are being manufactured by a London firm which has specialised in sword-making since 1772. Two waist gunners of the U.S. Air Force are here seen at their action stations in a Fortress clad in their new steel vests

On right—How Pantellaria Was Bombed

TO give an impression of the highly concentrated nature of the air assault upon the defences of Pantellaria, our artist here shows the air action on the final morning of the assault. During the earlier sorties Wellingtons had taken part during night bombings; and in the daytime every class of aircraft — heavy, medium and light bombers, fighter-bombers and fighters—had been engaged. During one of the final days, Bostons, Baltimores, Mitchells, Spitfires and Warhawks are recorded as having taken part in a dawn attack. Fighter-bombers kept up the sweeps until the afternoon, when Fortresses, Marauders and Mitchells joined in. Then, on the final morning, there took place a massed attack, so heavy that the planes had to wait their turn before releasing their bomb-loads. A total of 1,650 tons is stated to have been loosed on the targets: in the first days of June—1 to 10—3,500 tons of bombs were dropped on Pantellaria.

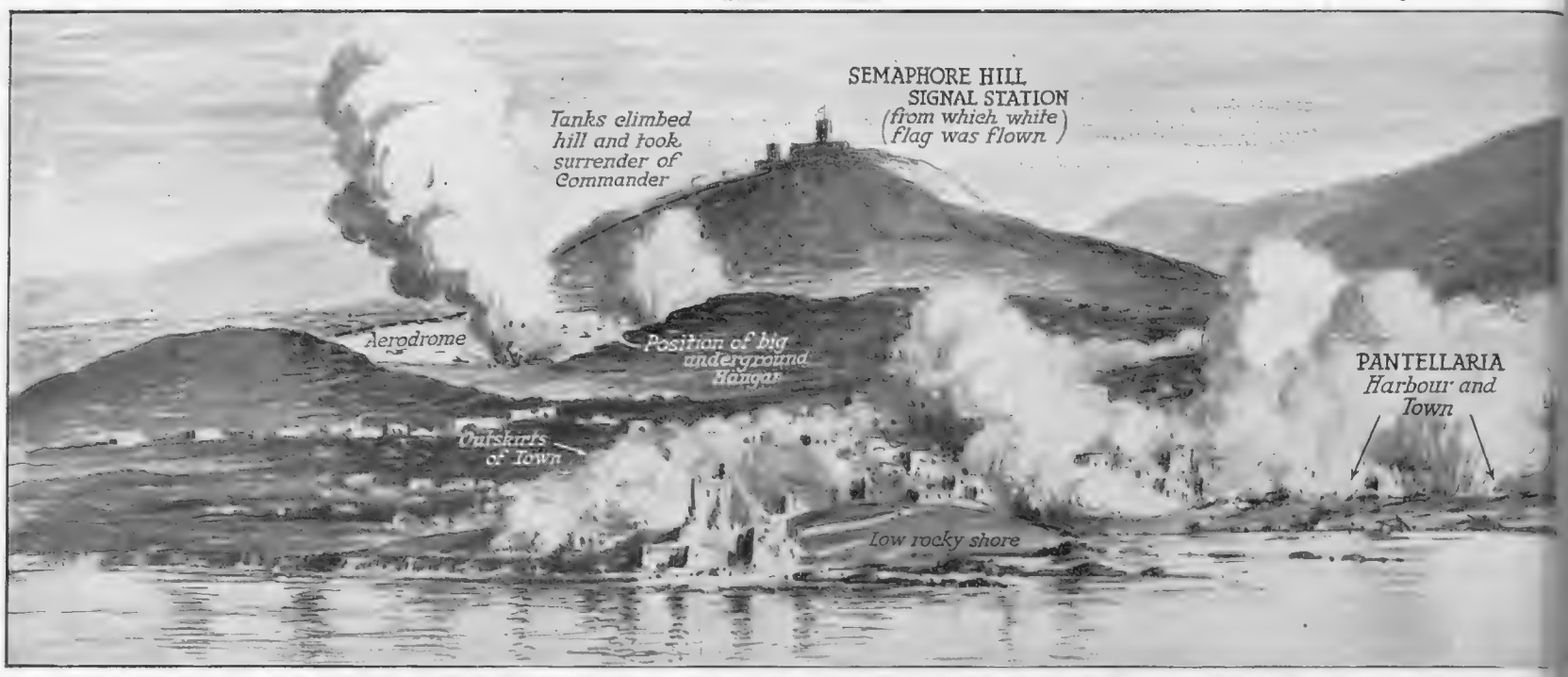
The prolonged bombing of the island and its ultimate surrender as a result of the operations of the Air Arm led to much discussion. Some of the more enthusiastic of the air experts saw in this episode a vindication of certain theories as to what bombing could accomplish if applied with great weight on a given target. The military experts maintained that the surrender was not brought about by air alone, but in conjunction with naval bombardment and the operation of naval blockade. A survey of the operations against the island shows that the air bombings were indeed prolonged and extensive. They began as far back as May 10, and continued without cessation during the thirty-two days and nights up to June 11.



THE VOLCANO ROUTE TO NAPLES. How Allied pilots, flying from North Africa to bomb Italy's great naval harbour, are guided along their path by the great natural beacons of the four volcanoes—Etna, Vulcano, Stromboli and Vesuvius—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

Easily-distinguished landmarks are a boon to the pilot, as he may be taking part in a combined air assault with planes coming in from various angles: he then has his particular job to do and must not be late. If bound for Naples, and coming in from the south, the pilot will have a series of natural features which it is difficult to miss. They are the series of volcanoes running roughly north and south in a most welcome chain. Etna, at the southern end, is the biggest. Then, away a little to the west, is Vulcano, with its constant plume, to carry one on. A further step to the north brings Stromboli, an impressive mass, into view, and so gives one a bearing for the cone of Vesuvius, which will also in all probability be wearing a plume. And then just beyond is the target—the harbour of Naples. Mount Etna, in the foreground of the view, is the loftiest volcano in Europe, as well as one of the highest mountains in Italy. It is 10,742 ft. Vulcano, the next volcano going northwards, measures eight square miles in area and has a constantly-smoking crater. The islet is formed by the volcanic cone of Monte Aria (1,637 ft.) The cone of Stromboli, encountered still further north, rises to a height of 3,040 ft. It is one of the few volcanoes which are in a constant state of activity. In close proximity to the target of Naples, comes the famous cone of Vesuvius. It rises to a height of about 4,000 ft. some 10 miles south-east of the city. It is a height of about 30 miles round, the base rising from the plain of Campania.

THE CAPTURE OF THE ITALIAN ISLANDS FROM THE AIR—One of the most astonishing episodes in the history of air warfare. About three-quarters of the planes and crews used against Pantellaria during June were American: here are the five main types of bombers which did the work and brought about the surrender. The aircraft are shown circling over the target in an unending stream, when the congestion in the air was so great that the bombers waiting to unload had to "queue up" before making their bombing runs—*Drawing by Roland Davies* *(See notes on left)*



THE CHIEF MILITARY REGION OF THE ISLAND OF PANTELLARIA: The town and harbour of Pantellaria itself, the big aerodrome where the surrender sign was giv to our aircraft, and the Semaphore Hill Signal Station which was climbed by British tanks, and where Admiral Pavesi, the island's commander, and his st were taken prisoner.—*Drawing by Percy Home*

The CAPTURE of the ISLANDS

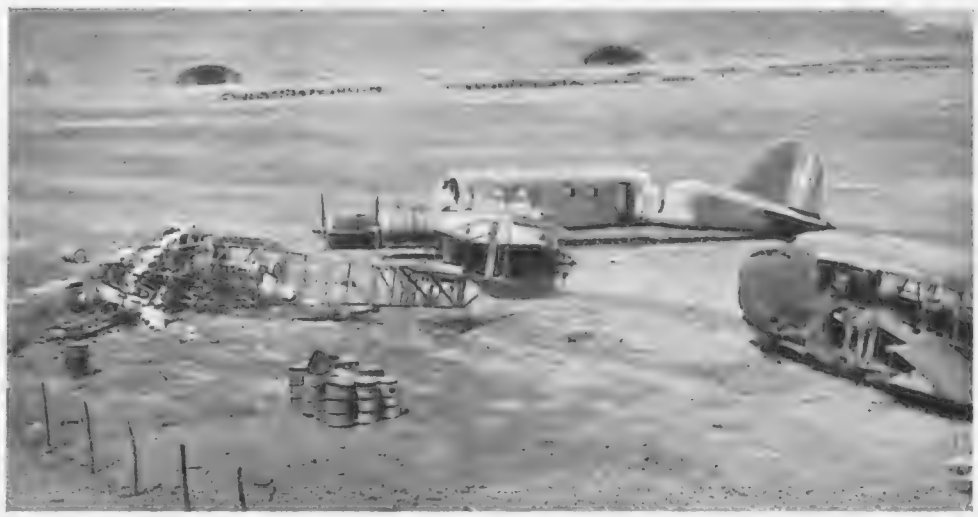
A Description of the Underground Hangars at the Aerodrome, and of the Big Caves in which the Inhabitants Dwelt During the Terrific Air Bombardment

Special Sphere drawings and diagrams

PANTELLARIA fell as the result of the heaviest air bombardment yet experienced in any theatre of war. The principal targets were the harbour of Pantellaria itself, the adjacent dock, the flanking forts and aerodrome. The last-named was separated only by a short distance from the other objectives, which all lay close together. None of them were large: the harbour is small and can only accommodate light water craft. The harbour and dock buildings were stretched along a low, rocky shore, presenting a lengthy target without much depth; separate buildings and houses were perched on the terraced, rising ground of the hills, which gradually merge into the main central hill mass of the island. The buildings of the town appear to have been of moderate size and built in the square fashion, which is characteristic of the Mediterranean littoral. Perhaps the largest and strongest single object on the island was the now famous group of underground hangars, built into rising ground at one side of the aerodrome.

Day after day, during the latter part of May and into June (right up till the 11th, when the island capitulated), big forces of bombers set out from their several bases in North Africa. As they converged on their target, the air would become thick with planes, so that pilots had, literally, to await their turn. This meant swinging round in circles until each could straighten out for the run in on the harbo target. There the tons of explosives w released in such rapid succession that might have been expected that not one sto would be left standing. Destruction of t buildings immediately along the front d seem to have been fairly complete, in f but camera records show that other build are only partially destroyed.

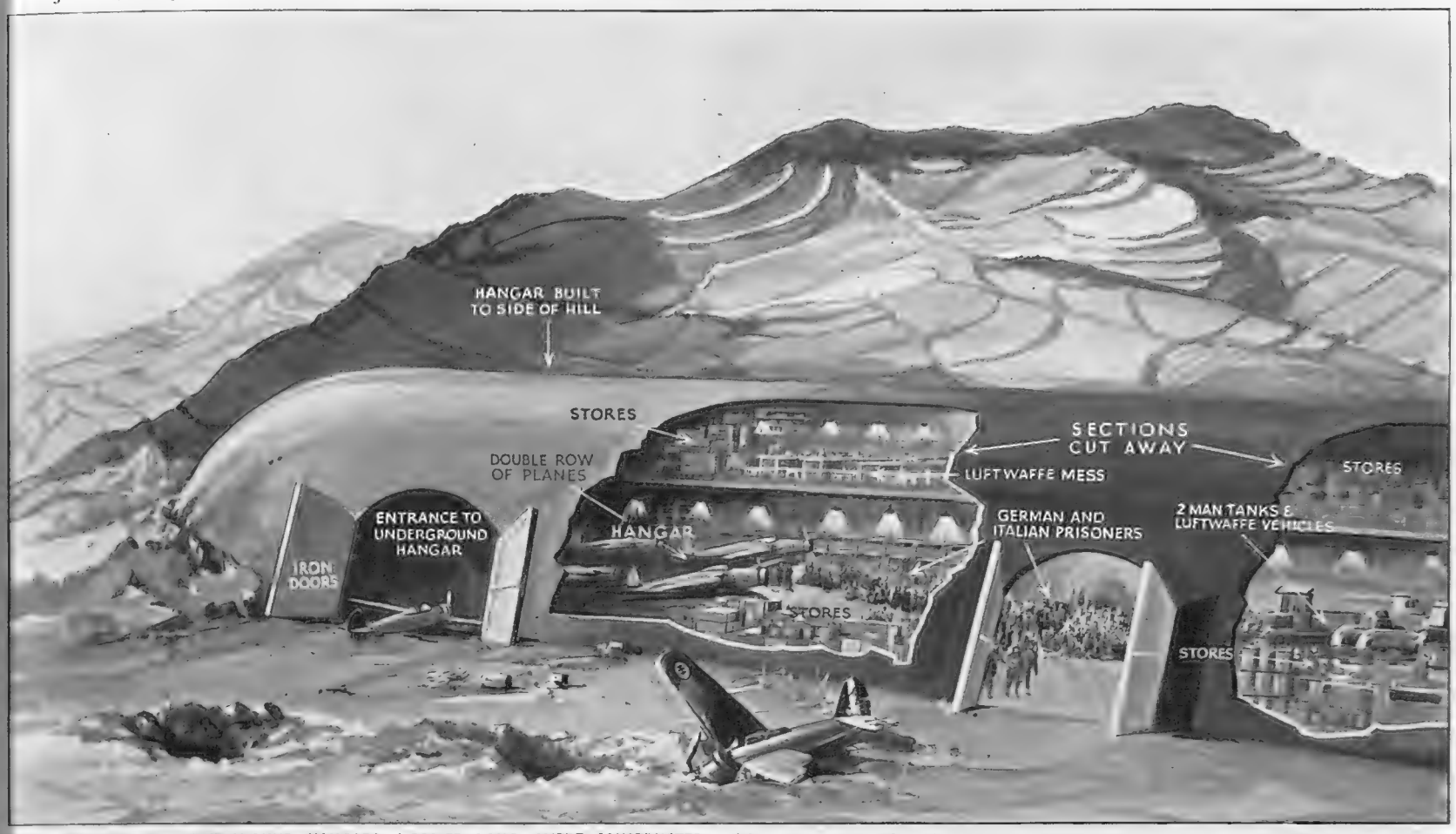
Fortunately for the civilian inhabitan the adjacent hill-sides provided caves w gave efficient shelter from direct hi Behind the town there are series of steep, conical hills, wi shelf-like fields in 'tiers rou them. The island is like Mal —made of volcanic rock, whi can be cut readily into galler and air-raid shelters. Here t people had lived for ma weeks in the most primiti conditions. They seem to ha been affected by the heavy a prolonged bombing: this a applied to the garrison, t majority of whom were describ as of poor quality and resist power. The appearance stress exhibited by the soldi and civilians was probably d in both cases to bomb bla In fact, it might be said th the island was "concussed into surrender. The effect blast after a steady, continu fall of 4000-lb. bombs must terrific. During the final bo bardment on the day of s render, a weight of 1,650 ton explosives was released, a must have further churned t debris into chaotic moun



WRECKED AXIS AIRCRAFT ON THE AERODROME AFTER THE FALL OF PANTELLARIA. In the background are the underground hangars, the roof of which looked like a big black "cigar" from the air. When they were captured, only a few obsolete Italian aircraft were found inside, but on the airfield itself were many wrecked machines

THE ENTRANCE TO THE UNDERGROUND HANGARS, built under 25 ft. of solid rock on one side of the big aerodrome

From the air, the superb underground hangars look "like an immense cigar": there are two steel exits from them, through which the aircraft were wheeled direct on to the aerodrome. Within is a tremendously long hall, where fighters can be parked in a double row: the exterior of this chamber has been turned into an artificial hill under the still higher Semaphore Hill Signal Station, shown in the drawing at the top of this page. Inside the hangars, when our landing-parties approached, were some 2,000 Italian soldiers of poor quality, all squatting on the ground "and chattering like magpies": there were also some fifty German technicians, holding themselves aloof and ignoring t brothers-in-arms. The hangars were crowded with the little two-man tanks of the Itali half-a-dozen *Luftwaffe* aircraft and about 200 two-decker beds littered with clot books, cartridges and other oddments. Upstairs in a tunnel-like gallery was the fo *Luftwaffe* mess and storeroom—stuffed with foods and delicacies of all kinds. All ar the airfield were the wrecks of Italian fighters—and the hundreds of bomb-craters c by our bombing planes



HOW THE FAMOUS UNDERGROUND HANGARS, 1,300 FT. LONG, WERE CONSTRUCTED, with great spaces for aircraft and stores below, and a "Luftwaffe" mess above. Fighter aircraft could be parked in a double row on the ground-floor, and up-to-date equipment had been installed for repairs—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

It was probably the continued noise and blast over the town and neighbouring port which induced the island's surrender and allowed our landing forces to take possession without loss of life.

Certain interesting points emerge from a study of Pantellaria. The terraced hill-slopes of the island, for instance, might have proved a difficult problem in the hands of determined men; as defensive positions they could have been superb. The Italians had dug tunnels and gunpits and underground store rooms for ammunition; and they had dozens of mortars and heavy machine-guns. They had a magnificent field of fire over the harbour, and it looked as if 200 resolute men could have prevented anyone from landing on the shore. But these fine hill positions had just been left: no shot had ever been fired from them. In point of fact, the positions which looked so good were exposed to lateral bombardment from our naval vessels: the enemy, furthermore, had no line of retreat. It was a case of a beleaguered fortress—a Malta, rather than a Tobruk. For thirty-two days no supplies had reached the island; and the aerodrome—for all its up-to-dateness—was useless for attack or defence.

In the last phases of the island's occupation, surrender and invasion continued simultaneously. Coastal batteries went on firing out to sea. The bombing programme was finally brought to a halt, but not before several Italian positions had been raided superfluously. Admiral Pavesi, apparently bewildered by the situation, fled into the hills. The British did not find him till nine o'clock in the evening. The final surrender took place in one of the underground buildings at the airfield.

Almost the only military installation remaining intact on Pantellaria after the unprecedented mass bombing was the famous underground hangar. It contained only a few obsolete Italian aircraft, and was under 25 ft. of solid rock.

HOW THE CIVILIAN INHABITANTS OF PANTELLARIA ESCAPED THE EFFECTS OF THE ALLIED BOMBING OF THE HARBOUR AND FORTS AND AERODROME. Like the island of Malta, a number of caves had been excavated out of the volcanic rock: these served as galleries and air-raid shelters, and hence the islanders suffered hardly any casualties. Behind the tiny port and town of Pantellaria there are a series of steep, conical hills, with shelf-like fields in tiers round them: it was to these hills, with their caves, that the inhabitants retired during the bombing—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

The Capture of the Islands

PANTELLARIA and its HARBOUR in RUINS

As the Result of the Terrific Pounding from the Air

MOST of the principal havoc caused by our bombers at Pantellaria was confined to an area around the town and harbour and the aerodrome. Here the devastation was complete and, at first, apparently irreparable. The port is really a tiny village grouped round a very small harbour, where the 3,000 fisherfolk of the island used to keep their boats.

To-day this is a scene of desolation. "The jetties are crumbled ridges of masonry: there is a big crane curiously warped like a bent toy. Rails of light railway are curled up like sticks of brown celery. The formless heaps of metal in the water must once have been ships, but were now unrecognisable. 'There was not a water-front at all when we landed," wrote Mr. Alexander Clifford. "One jumped from rock to rock and by fantastic detours down into bomb holes and up over the houses."

The main street, according to the same eye-witness, looked as if it could never be cleared: houses had not merely been knocked down—they had been hurled into the air and scattered about. "The very idea of any single house being intact is merely ludicrous," he wrote.

Yet, within a few hours of the first landing, bulldozers and other equipment had been put ashore on the island and the work of rehabilitation had begun. Terrific as is the devastation, it is probable that very soon the island will be functioning again—at least, sufficiently for it to serve as a base for further Allied action.

WITHIN A FEW HOURS OF OUR OCCUPATION OF THE ISLAND. A big bulldozer gets to work on the masonry and rubble to clear a way for our transport. Very soon a sort of switchback track had been excavated along the waterfront and jeep cars were actually driving along it

N IMPRESSION OF THE SCENE ON PANTELLARIA'S WATERFRONT WHEN THE BRITISH TROOPS LANDED. A WAR CORRESPONDENT PICKS HIS WAY THROUGH A CHAOTIC MASS OF RUBBLE AND MASONRY. The desolation in the port is complete: the buildings have been reduced to jumbled heaps, the jetties are crumbled ridges of stonework and all form has been obliterated. In fact, when our first troops landed there was no waterfront at all, so devastating had been the work of the Allied bombers!—*Drawing (from photographic material) by Edward Osmond*

n left—BRITISH INFANTRY TAKE UP POSITIONS ON THE ISLAND beside a knocked-out Italian coastal-defence gun near the harbour of Pantellaria

On right—THE REMAINS OF A SUNKEN GERMAN TRANSPORT IN THE HARBOUR. This vessel, like every other of its kind, was sunk by bombs from our aircraft

THE MASSED NAVAL BOMBARDMENT OF PANTELLARIA: The British cruisers attack the harbour its forts whilst the assault party lands on the beaches. Salvo after salvo was pumped i the Italian shore batteries, whilst waves of Flying Fortresses above continued to pulverise the town until the island's surrender—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

The Capture of the Islands

The NAVY'S PART in the GREAT ASSAULT

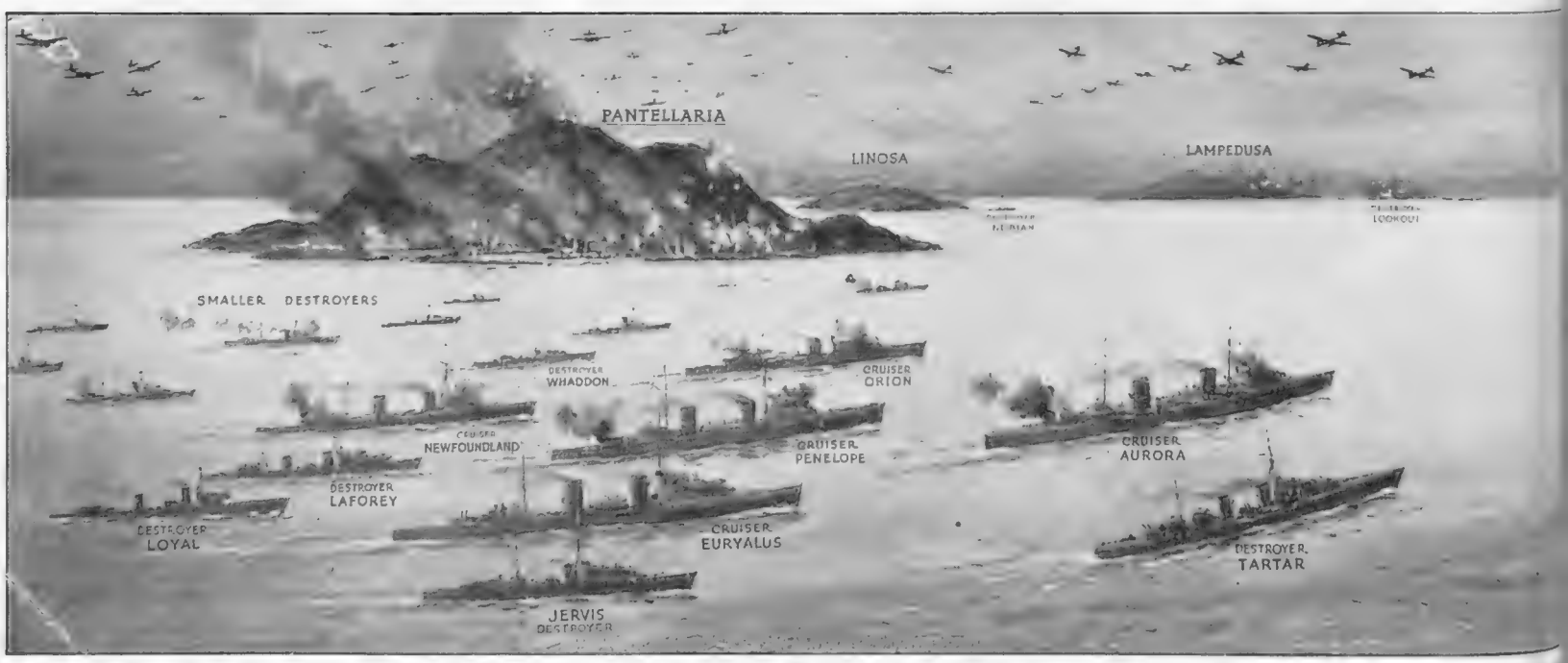
The Shelling of Pantellaria and Lampedusa from the Sea

—Special Sphere Drawings and Diagrams

The long series of naval and air operations designed to exhaust the garrison of Pantellaria began with the establishment of a motor-torpedo-boat patrol off the island on the night of May 11–12. Nightly patrols of destroyers and motor craft were thereafter maintained—arduous work for the personnel of the smaller craft. On May 13 the first bombardment of the island was carried out by the cruiser *Orion* and the destroyers *Petard* and *Isis* in the early morning. In the heavier bombardments which followed this first engagement were the cruisers *Aurora* (from which General Eisenhower and Admiral Cunningham watched the shelling), *Newfoundland*, *Orion*, *Penelope* and *Euryalus*; and the destroyers *Laforey*, *Jervis*, *Tartar*, *Nubian*, *Troubridge*, *Lookout*, *Loyal* and *Wheddon*. The final bombardment was undertaken by *Peladin* and *Petard* during the night of June 10-11. The following day saw the island's capitulation.

Not only was Pantellaria bombed and bombarded, but for a period of thirty-two days before its fall the Navy took care to see that no supplies of any kind whatever penetrated the blockade: this must undoubtedly have demonstrated to the defenders the futility of prolonged resistance!

A newsreel picture taken on a Br warship as she hoisted an unoffi signal—"Pants"—while the Al occupation of the island bega



A DIAGRAM-DRAWING WHICH SHOWS SOME OF THE BRITISH WARSHIPS WHICH HELPED TO REDUCE THE ISLAND TO SURRENDER. Cruisers and destroyers participa equally in the operation, amongst the most prominent being the vessels indicated above. The island seems to be spouting with bomb- and shell-bursts the dual attack progressed towards its final close, the bombers were so numerous as to give the impression of a flight of sea birds—*Drawing by Wm. McC*

OFF PANTELLARIA ON THE MORNING OF JUNE 8 (three days before the surrender), H.M. destroyer "Nubian" went close inshore, firing as she closed, to cover two motor-boats which had dashed into the harbour to displace machine-gun posts. This picture was taken as the destroyer retired under a smoke-screen from the island. Later, after both Lampedusa and Pantellaria had been subdued, "Nubian" accepted the surrender of the islet of Linosa after white flags had been hung out by the garrison. "Nubian" is a member of the famous Tribal class of destroyers, each of 1,870 tons

THE AIR-SEA BOMBARDMENT OF PANTELLARIA. Guns on a British cruiser bombarding the island fortress in the Narrows by night

A NEWSREEL PICTURE TAKEN BY GUN FLASHES as the guns of a British warship send deadly broadsides hurtling towards the island

THE SURRENDER OF LAMPEDUSA ISLAND TO THE ROYAL NAVY. The British destroyer "Lookout" (on left), at the mouth of the harbour, sends a boat ashore under a white flag to receive the Governor's submission. The boat was led in by an Italian craft, which also displayed a similar flag—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

Lampedusa and the still smaller island of Linosa (both in the Pelagie group just over 100 miles south-west of Sicily) held out but a very short time against naval and air attack after the surrender of Pantellaria. The latter gave up on June 11: Lampedusa surrendered early on June 13. Immediately after the fall of Pantellaria, strong forces of medium and fighter bombers from North Africa switched to the attack of the smaller island. Four cruisers, with six destroyers (including a Greek destroyer) bombarded the island twice by night and at frequent intervals throughout the day. Enemy batteries were in action, but ceased fire on being engaged. After a heavy air attack, white flags were seen flying on the island: the destroyer *Nubian* (which had previously distinguished herself in close work off Pentellaria) sent a boat into the harbour to accept the Italian surrender. The garrison was some 3,000, and the commander and his English-speaking deputy were only too anxious to lay down their arms. The surrender of the islet of Linosa followed quickly after.

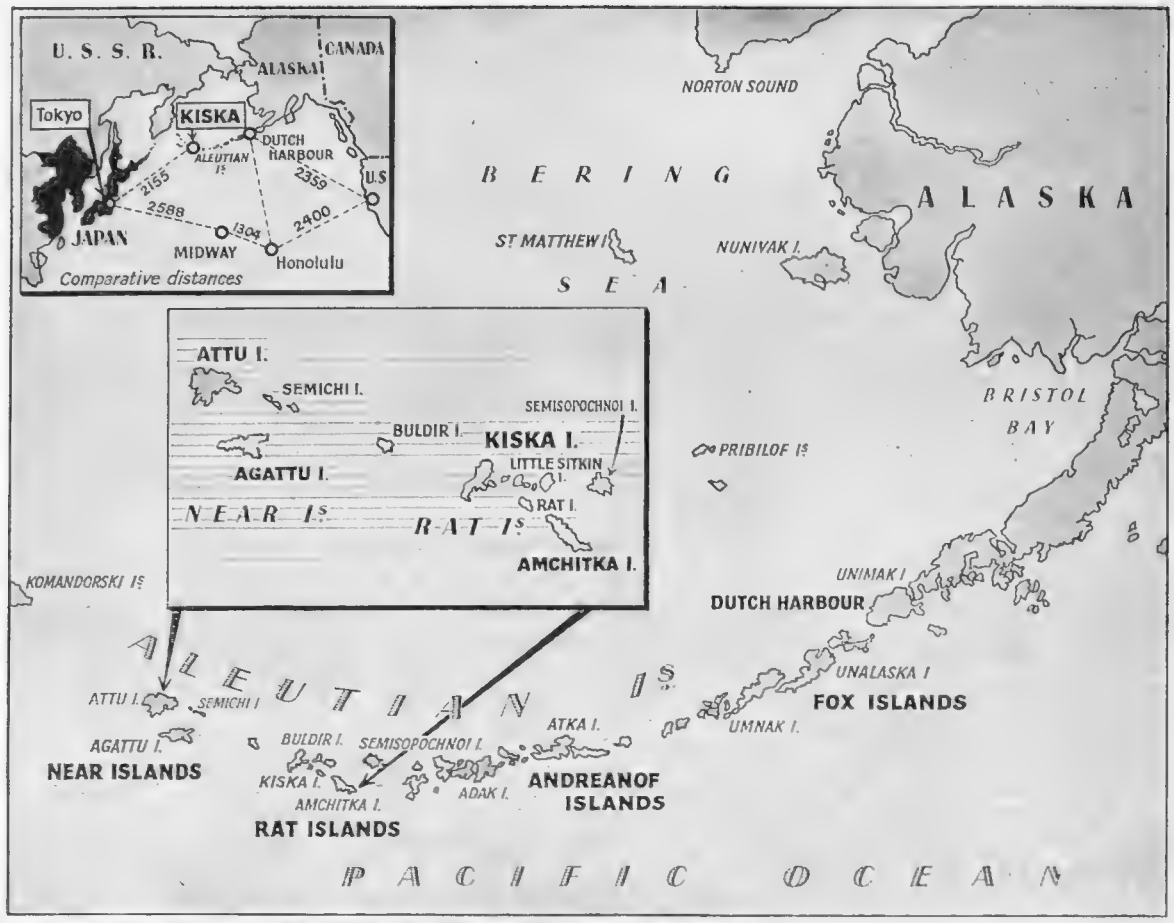
On right—**THIS IS THE ISLAND OF LAMPEDUSA, as our airmen saw it during their bombing attacks.** Second most important of the former Italian possessions in the Sicilian Narrows, the island lies to the south-west of Malta. It is seven miles long by two miles wide, with an area of nearly twelve square miles. Between it and Malta is the deep channel which connects the east and west basins of the Mediterranean. The small island of Linosa lies to Lampedusa's north

AMERICA ATTACKS the ALEUTIAN ISLANDS

First Pictures from Amchitka Island, and Further Pictures from Attu Island, from Both of which the Jap Base at Kiska, in the Bering Sea, is Threatened

The Aleutian Islands of the Bering Sea project in a semi-circular sweep from the mainland of Alaska down into the Northern Pacific. Soon after their entry into the war, the Japanese occupied Kiska, in the Rat Island group, and began to develop it into a strong base for further operations against the Americans and as a continuous threat to the great U.S. naval base at Dutch Harbour.

It has now been revealed that the U.S. Army and Navy have had an air base on Amchitka Island, only



BUILDING UP THE AMERICAN BASES IN THE ARCTIC: How Attu and Amchitka Islands, in the Aleutians, are placed in relation to Japan's main Arctic base on Kiska. Amchitka (occupied by the U.S. since January, it has just been revealed) is only 70 miles from Kiska. Now that Attu has also been occupied by the U.S., experts believe that the Japanese base in the Aleutians may soon become untenable. The above diagrams show the relation of the string of islands in the Bering Sea to Alaska, and to Japan itself—the ultimate objective of American endeavour!

AN ISLAND OF SNOW AND GALES AND FOG: Back from a patrol flight, a U.S. Navy pilot walks through driving snow towards his tent on Amchitka

WAR MATERIAL FOR THE LANDING ON AMCHITKA. A scene aboard an American transport in Constantine Harbour showing troops and equipment awaiting transportation to the shore. The first wave of U.S. forces had already been landed on the flat island beaches when this picture was taken

VIOLENT, BRIEF SNOW SQUALLS, whipped up by 100-miles-an-hour gales, pile up huge snowdrifts around the shelters at this advanced U.S. base. As soon as the storms (known as "williwaws") have passed, American soldiers must dig their way out and clear the aerodrome runways

IN JANUARY 1943: American soldiers and equipment landing on Amchitka Island, only 70 miles from Kiska. Other ships in the expedition can be seen in the background. It has since served as a base for operations against the Japs throughout the Aleutians

THESE ARE SOME OF THE AMERICAN PLANES which have kept up a continuous attack on the Japanese base at Kiska from this new airfield on Amchitka Island. The new base has not only made it possible to increase the attacks on Kiska, but also to give fighter protection to the bombers

seventy miles away from the Jap outpost, since January last. Following on their earlier occupation of Adak (in the Andreanof Islands), American forces were landed on Amchitka without opposition, consolidated their positions and then promptly proceeded to lay down airfields and runways for immediate operations against the Japs.

Amchitka is one of the few flat islands of the Rat Island group: from its nearest point Kiska is only 70 miles away. The American forces have thus been able to sustain a continuous bombardment by air on the enemy: during the Attu campaign (fully reported and illustrated in our June 19 issue) they were able to assist very materially in the American occupation of that island—despite the unfavourable weather conditions which always beset these far northern outposts.

The pictures reproduced here are the first to be received in this country from America showing the Amchitka occupation. The map in the upper left hand shows the relation of the various Aleutian islands; it also indicates vital distances in the Pacific, where sooner or later Japan itself must come under direct attack

AN AIR VIEW OF THE BARREN, WINDSWEPT TUNDRA OF AMCHITKA. It is one of the few flat islands of the Rat Island chain in the Aleutians: its weather in winter is appalling but, nevertheless, the American forces were able to sustain a continuous bombardment of the Japanese on Kiska and to pave the way for the subsequent American capture of Attu

WHAT HAPPENS DURING THE SPRING THAWS: A jeep spurs through the soupy mud which blankets a newly constructed road through the island. On the hilltop are the tents put up by the U.S. soldiers for residence during construction work on the airfields

FURTHER PICTURES from ATTU ISLAND

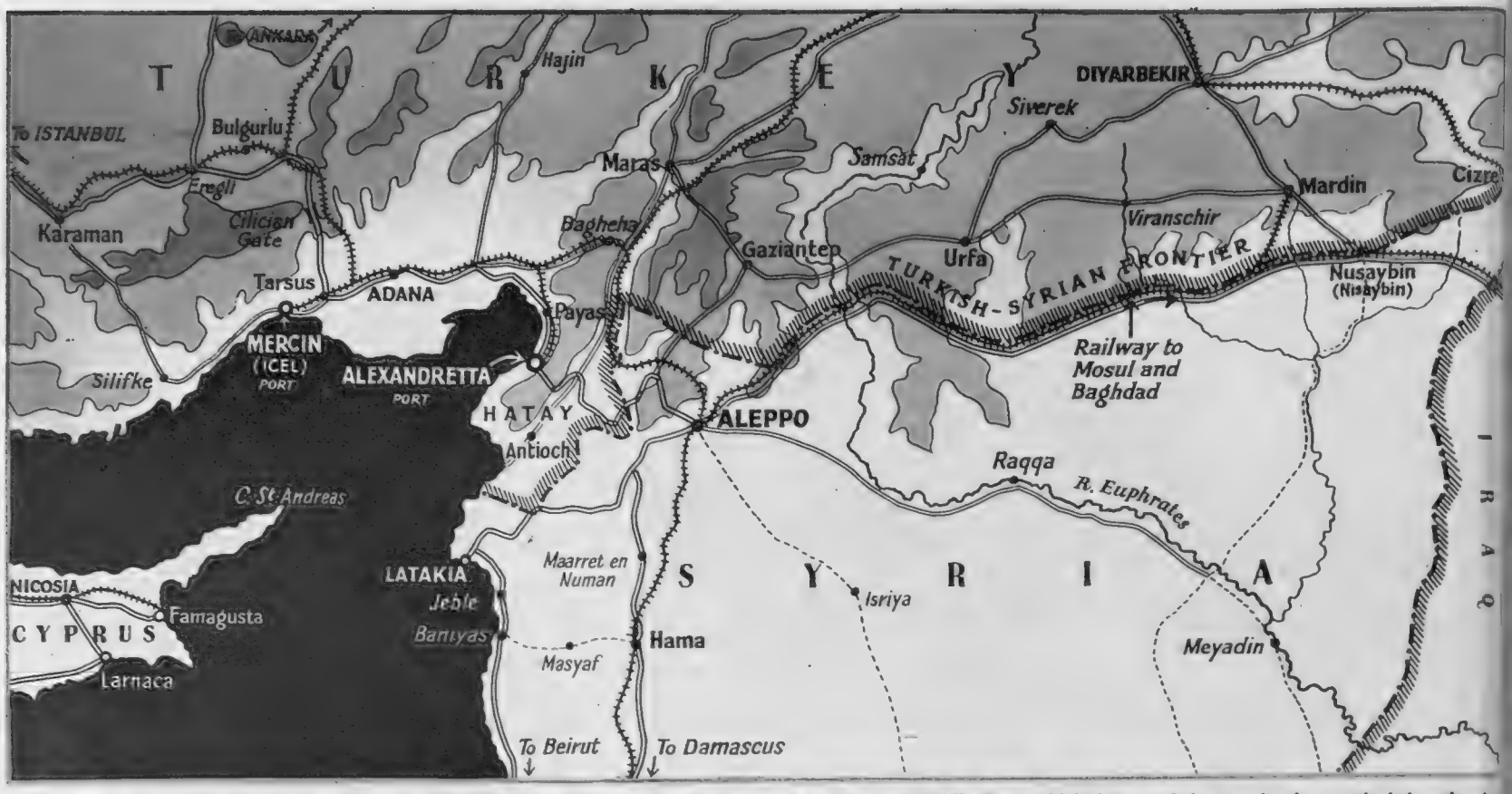
THIS IS ATTU VILLAGE, main centre on the island of that name at the westernmost end of the Aleutian chain. It is now firmly in American hands. This picture was taken before the Jap occupation of the island

In our issue of June 19, we published a number of pictures showing how the capture of Attu Island in the Aleutians was effected by U.S. forces landed there on May 11. We are now enabled to publish a further three pictures which have just been received from Washington. In the capture of Attu both the Amchitka-based aircraft and the U.S. Navy co-operated. And now that America possesses Adak Island and Amchitka to the east, and Attu to the west, of Kiska, the principal Japanese Aleutian base is well ringed in: its continuous bombardment by air—if not by sea as well—is now assured!

HOW ATTU WAS CAPTURED: A dramatic picture showing American troops moving doggedly up the steep slopes of a hill overlooking the west arm of Holtz Bay. These men were actually under machine-gun and mortar fire as this picture was taken during the first big offensive against the Japs on the island

All these Aleutian Islands are fog-bound for many days on end, even in the summer months. Mists, gales, ice and snow are frequent; and life for the U.S. forces within the Arctic cannot be pleasant. But when the onslaught on Japan begins in real earnest these far-off outposts will probably play a very vital part in the offensive

HOW THE U.S. NAVY HELPED DURING THE CAMPAIGN AGAINST ATTU ISLAND. The first picture to reach Britain showing the sea phase of the successful occupation of the previously Jap-held island. The big guns on a U.S. battleship are here hurling shells at enemy installations in the Holtz Bay area, where the main U.S. landings were made. In the distance enshrouded in the Arctic mists, are the rocky islets and snow-covered slopes of Attu



THE RECENT CLOSING OF THE TURKISH-SYRIAN FRONTIER has drawn attention to an area in the Middle East which is now being anxiously watched by the Axis. The ports of Alexandretta and Mercin (quite close to the tip of Cyprus) have been greatly improved during recent months to handle the vast amount of material which Britain and the United States have been pouring into Turkey to re-equip that country (*see notes below*)

The Invasion of the Continent of Europe

WHERE WILL THE NEXT BLOW FALL?

Germany's Anxiety Over the Middle East and the Attitude of Turkey

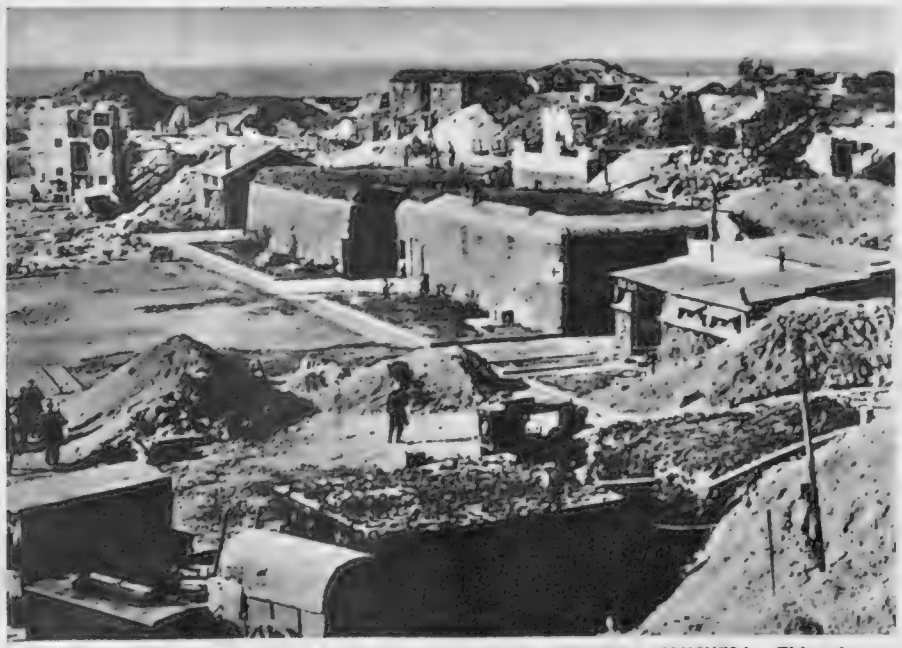
On June 15 the frontier between Syria and Turkey was closed, by order of the Middle East Command. Germany appeared apprehensive of this incident, wondering what it might portend.

Ever since the Adana Conference last February, when Mr. Churchill met the Turkish President, General Ismet Inonu, and had a full and free discussion of affairs, the Nazis have been nervous, fearing the Allies were putting pressure upon Turkey to join the United Nations. Throughout the past three years, in fact, Turkey has been preparing to defend herself, but was lacking in much of the requirements for modern warfare. It is known that Britain for some time past has poured in goods, even during a time of great scarcity at home.

The harbours at Alexandretta and Mercin were found to be too small for the amount of traffic, but have been greatly enlarged and improved by a British firm, working during the past two years, so that they can now handle the vast supplies arriving from Britain and the United States. These supplies have now put Turkey into a far stronger position to defend herself against any aggression.

The Dardanelles (under the Montreux Convention) have been used by Axis vessels, carrying Rumanian oil to the Italian islands. At times Turkey has feared that the Nazis would attempt to seize Istanbul to gain full possession of the Straits. In that case Turkey would resist and can now depend upon strong Allied assistance. The Ninth Army is ready and waiting, eager to emulate the famous Eighth Army, and contact could be quickly made should necessity arise.

Rumours concerning operations in Cyprus constantly appear in the German broadcast news, showing concern over Allied activity on the island. They have noted that the high military commanders have met in conference there, and they anticipate Allied movement at any moment. Cyprus has now a chain of very efficient aerodromes, and is within easy bombing range of Rhodes, which is just over 200 miles to the west. After the defeat of Greece, the island went through a period of great anxiety, as it seemed probable that Hitler might attempt to seize it, but things have changed now. A very strong Army of British, Indian and Cypriot troops is occupying Cyprus—an army well trained in modern combined work with both Navy and Air Force.



THE FAMOUS "WEST WALL" IS STILL RECEIVING ITS FINISHING TOUCHES! This picture, from an enemy source, shows a fragment of the German defence lines along the Atlantic Coast. Many of the concrete coastal artillery posts, shelters, etc., were still under construction when this picture was taken. Included in the view are the fortress-like living quarters of a German Coastal Garrison and a First Aid Post

THE ROCKY ISLAND OF SARDINIA, which has been receiving much attention from Allied bombers: Sardinia is next in size to the island of Sicily and is the second largest in the Mediterranean. Its capture by the Allies would outflank Sicily and would give us the command of the Tyrrhenian Sea. It is 89 miles in width and 168 miles in length, which gives it an area of 9,306 square miles: it differs from Sicily in geographical nature, being not so completely mountainous and possessing more level and low-lying areas. So great has been the Allied onslaught on Sardinia that many have thought that this island is high up on the list of objectives before the invasion of Italy itself. The map reproduced above gives an outline of the island and shows its principal features, including its harbours and airfields—both of which are numerous

—AND SOME OF THE WEAPONS WHICH WILL BE USED BY THE ALLIES

The Bazooka, the Bangalore Torpedo and the Swimming Lorry

The existence in Russia of a "rocket-gun" capable of giving small aircraft and even individual soldiers the fire-power of heavy artillery was first hinted at in the columns of THE SPHERE some time ago. We have now received news of what appears to be a similar weapon in use by the United States Army. This is called the Bazooka, has already been successfully employed in North Africa, and may well represent that effective antidote to the tank for which all tacticians have been waiting.

The Bazooka can be best described as a rifle firing a field-gun's shell—and the effect of that can be imagined—but the most uninformed layman will immediately want to ask many pertinent questions. As an example, what happens to the soldier's shoulder when his formidable weapon is fired?

That question is, in fact, the most intelligent that can be asked, because it points at the fundamental difficulty that has hitherto impeded inventors of bigger and better infantry weapons. There has, indeed, previously been a limit of calibre beyond which it has been impossible to push the rifle, the recoil of a very large "hand-gun" being dangerously excessive. And for a rifle to be strong enough to deal with a modern tank it must be extremely large and have a correspondingly vicious "kick."

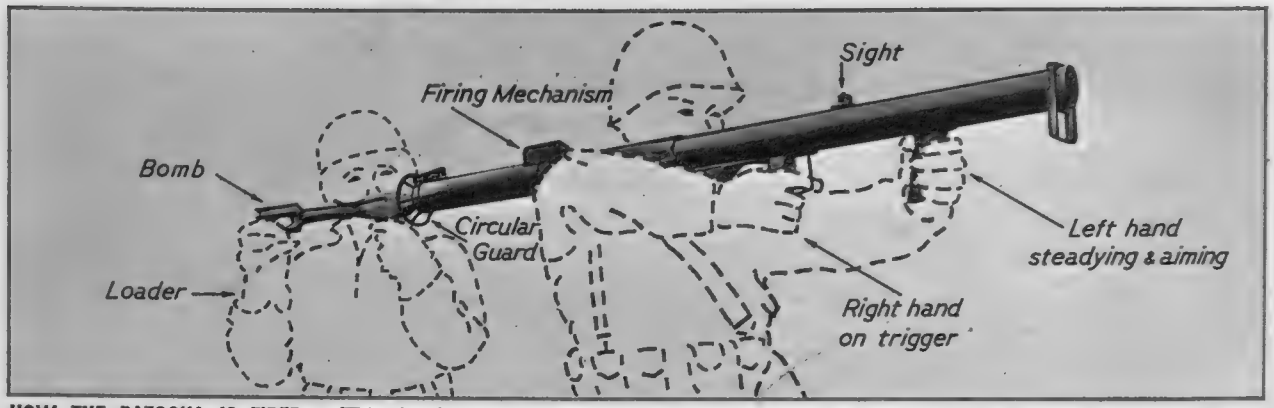
So the inventors began to analyse why this was so, and they found that a rifle recoiled after the firing of a bullet because the propulsive power of the missile was developed and expended *within* the barrel of the weapon. What kind of new principle could be evolved which would eliminate this unfortunate fact?

That was the way in which they came back to the rocket, one of the oldest forms of *self*-propelling missiles. It was not a new principle at all which they began to study a few years ago in Russia, and later in America, and some time, we may hope, in Britain. If a shell could be devised which would move under its own power, then single men should be able to fire such from shoulder-balanced or tripod-supported light weapons.

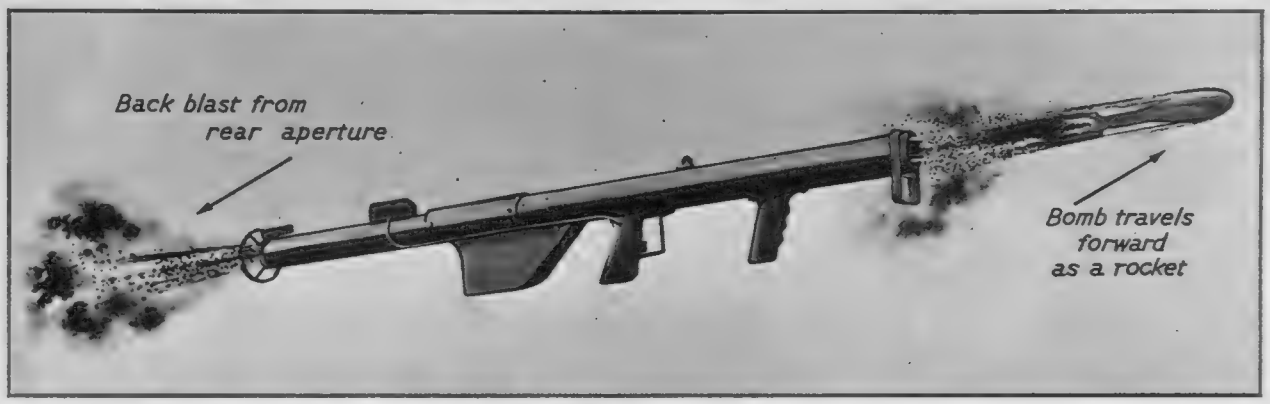
These are all the facts we are allowed to give about the American Bazooka to date. It is fired from the shoulder and makes the soldier using it "master of any tank that may attack him," to quote the United States War Department. The projectile fired is capable of penetrating armour, demolishing brick walls, or shattering bridge girders. It is sufficiently light to be carried at the double by two soldiers, and, after having been long in mass production, is being supplied in quantity to the American and Allied Forces. Its chief defect is that it is restricted in range.

The practical difficulties overcome by the inventors, if the weapon is as described, have been immense. They have chiefly been concerned with the steady burning of the gas (possibly solved by use of a new, even-burning explosive), and the straight course of the shell (rockets often swerve about).

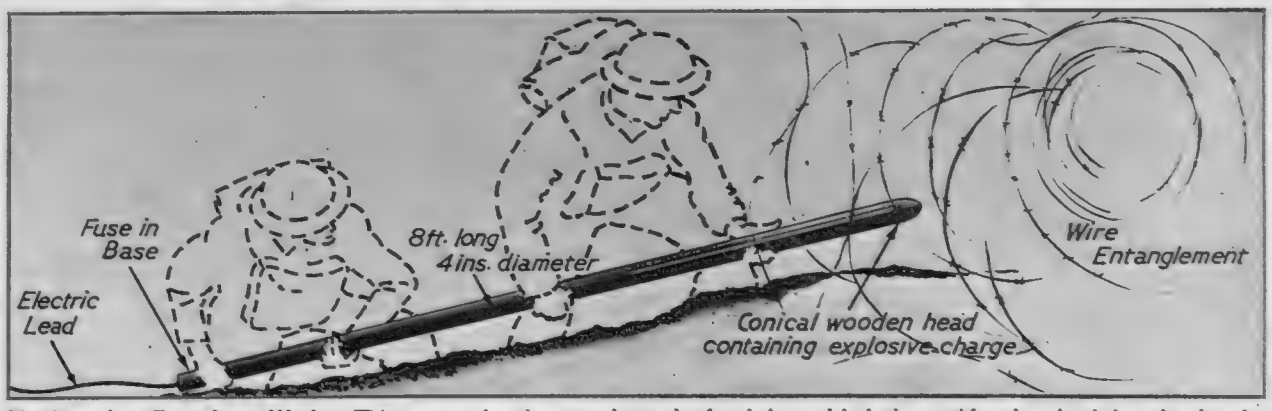
However, those difficulties have been satisfactorily solved. The story of how the "rocket gun," described in those words, was first introduced to the Germans in North Africa has been told by Major-General L. H. Campbell, American Chief of Ordnance. A soldier fired his Bazooka at six enemy tanks, missed and completely demolished a tree. Whereupon one of the tanks surrendered!



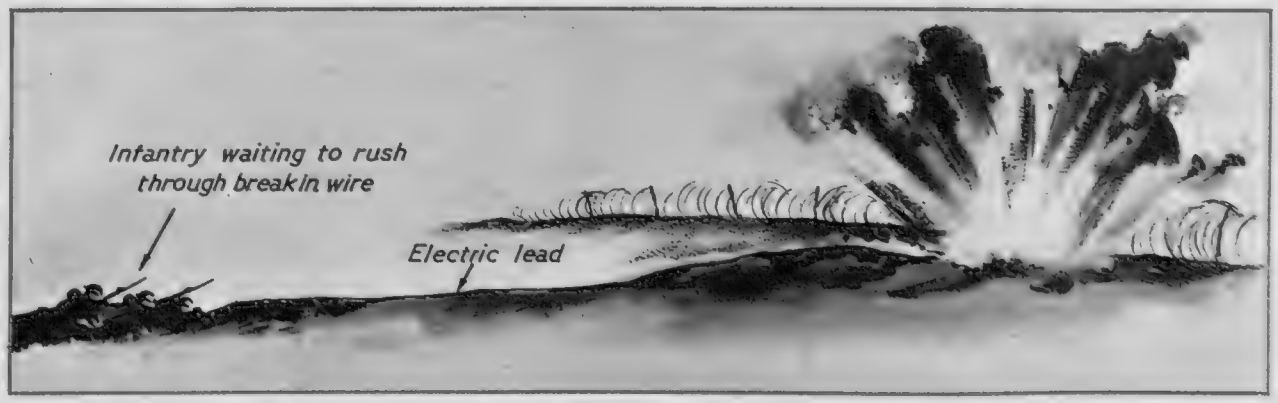
HOW THE BAZOOKA IS FIRED: This is the most important "secret weapon" so far brought by the American infantry into this war. The two drawings of the Bazooka given here reveal some of the outstanding features which have made it such a menace to Axis tanks and pill-boxes at short range. It will be seen at once that the weapon is similar to a conventional mortar, only it is held in a horizontal position, one man of the team of two supporting the barrel on his shoulder and firing, the other inserting the "shell" or "bomb" in an open breech at the rear. The missile, just like those used in the latest mortars, proceeds under its own power on the rocket principle. The pulling of the trigger ignites a charge located in the narrow neck of the "bomb." Gases are projected backwards from that neck through the vanes, and they propel the "bomb" forward till it reaches its target, when the main charge at the front explodes with devastating effect. The gun itself is no more than a directing tube, so there is no appreciable "kick." It is not known whether the breech is closed when the gun is fired. If not, the loader would have to move quickly out of the way, or stand the risk of being burnt by the blast. If the breech is closed, then the barrel would generate great heat as the "bomb" forces itself out. It will be noticed that the operators wear thick gloves. Possibly the small box on top of the barrel contains a battery to ignite the charge



TWO PICTURES OF THE SWIMMING LORRY—on land and in the water. Simultaneously with the announcement by the U.S. Navy Department that a powerful amphibious force, which may launch an invasion on Hitler's Europe, has been organised, come these two pictures of the U.S. Army's new two-and-a-half-ton lorry, designed specially for water or land operations. In the water it travels by means of a propeller; on land on its six wheels.



The Bangalore Torpedo at Work: This weapon has been used extensively throughout all our campaigns in the present war, after its introduction on the Western Front in 1915. It was the invention of a young R.E. officer at Bangalore, in Mysore. The device is used for clearing a pathway through barbed-wire entanglements: an iron tube, fitted with a conical wooden head, is filled with high explosives and a fuse is inserted in its base. After thrusting it into the obstacle, it can be exploded either with a safety-lighter, match or electric lead—whichever conditions permit. If the defences are deep, several tubes, each 8 ft. in length and 4 in. in diameter, can be joined together and fired by one fuse. The Bangalore Torpedo is usually operated by two men, covered by a body of infantry



THE ROYAL MARINES MAKE A LANDING

In Preparation for the Coming Assault on Hitler's Europe

The pictures reproduced on this page were taken recently at a Training Establishment for non-commissioned officers of the Royal Marines in Southern England, to show part of the varied activities of this famous corps of Britain's "sea soldiers."

Formed in 1664 and trained for service ashore or afloat, Royal Marines have taken part in most of the famous amphibious operations of history. It is not unlikely that they will add further to their laurels when the invasion of the Continent duly takes place.

Among the men in these pictures are toughened veterans from the Norway, Crete and North Africa operations, whose knowledge and experience will be used with good effect in any future land and water assults in which they may be engaged.

Nothing is omitted during the battle course which might lend verisimilitude to the training of these warriors. All the exercises are carried out under conditions approximating to those which will be experienced during actual operations against a tough and ruthless foe

STRIPPED AND WITH THEIR CLOTHES AND KIT MADE UP INTO FLOATING BUNDLES WHICH SERVE AS COVER, Royal Marines swim across a river after their initial landing on a "hostile" shore

ALMOST UP TO THEIR NECKS IN WATER AND IN FULL BATTLE KIT, the Navy's soldiers cover their advancing comrades as they make a beach assault. The mud and seaweed are additional hazards for the unwary!

COVERED BY RIFLE AND TOMMY-GUN FIRE, the Marines storm a concrete jetty on the beach. The manner in which the men are hoisted up in pairs is a demonstration in simple effectiveness

UP AND OVER. A landing party taking a concrete embankment in their stride after coming ashore in their assault craft. This exercise is carried out in full battle kit, and speed is an essential to success

AFTER THE LANDING the Marines have to advance across the beach under fire from the defenders. During this part of the exercise actual charges are fired whilst the men are still floundering in the thick and clinging mud

A Page of Pictures
FROM ITALY
—Where the Fear of Invasion Grows Daily

ONE OF THE MANY INDIGNITIES WHICH THE ITALIANS HAVE TO SUFFER. A German Military Commission inspects Italy's defences: The supervision of their country by German officers—however much it may be welcomed by Mussolini and his Fascist colleagues—is greatly resented by the populace throughout the length of Italy. Many people have not hesitated to give expression to their views in this connection, and have duly suffered for their temerity. This picture, which comes to England through a neutral source, shows three typical Nazis going over rocky ground at Cervinia to inspect Italian coastal defences against the expected Allied invasion

THE EVACUATION OF THE ISLAND OF SICILY: This picture was recently published on the front page of a German illustrated newspaper: it does not hide the fact (from the senior Axis peoples, at any rate) that, due to Allied bombings, Mussolini has had to order the Sicilian civilians to leave their homes for safer places

THE MAN WHO HAS USURPED TEMPORARY DICTATORIAL POWERS on the Italian Home Front—Carlo Scorza, Secretary of the Fascist Party, through whom the Nine-Point Memorandum of the Fascist Directorate was published a few days ago. Since then Mussolini has clipped the wings of this aspiring new Dictator, if report be true

THE ITALIAN OCCUPATION OF CORSICA: Alpine troops, newly landed on the island, near the memorial to the fallen of the 1914-18 war. This French island was in the forefront of Mussolini's war aims, and its annexation was vociferously claimed on many occasions by hotheads of the official Fascist Party. When the Allies landed in North Africa, it was seized by the Italians, under the pretext that it was threatened by our proximity across the Mediterranean, and to the great chagrin of the islanders. Now it is stated that Italy might have to withdraw her Alpine troops (amongst her best soldiers) for the more pressing task of defending the mainland against the coming invasion

THE LITTLE KING MAKES A PUBLIC APPEARANCE: Victor Emmanuel was present at the recent celebration of Italy's "Navy Day," and bestowed "Awards for Honour." It is only recently that the King—renowned throughout Europe for his lack of inches and for his tame submission to Mussolini—has come to the fore again as a public figure after years of eclipse by the Duce

A PROPAGANDA PICTURE FOR THE ITALIAN PEOPLE, showing Italy's newest "secret weapon": This is a poster which is to be seen all over Italy now: it has been issued by the Press Department of the Italian Admiralty. It shows what is claimed to be a "secret weapon"—a miniature submarine, or oversize torpedo, according to which use is made of it. The chief purpose of this wonderful device is to penetrate Allied port defences. If it is to be used as a torpedo, it is loaded with explosive: two men ride on top in diving equipment; they jump off and swim to safety just before hitting the target. Alternately, they take the contraption right up to the vessel they are attacking, clamber off and then attach bombs to the keel: the latter are, presumably detonated at the right moment by electrical contact!

AWAY FROM THESE WARS . . . .

Memories and Thoughts of the Years Between

—A Fortnightly Causerie **By J. G.**

THE Aftermath of Strachey.—It would be presumptuous of me to add anything to Max Beerbohm's Rede lecture on the writings of Lytton Strachey—the considered opinions, born after due time, of one of our first literary critics and masters of prose style. Anything I might say would be in the nature of an idea induced by that weighty and just judgment, the *obiter dicta* of one of the jury. But Lytton Strachey is a writer who has always interested me and puzzled me, and his "school" has constantly increased to irritate and trouble me.

Of the master of this school (or founder), I have sometimes said that the manner of his writing often by its charm and dazzle blinds the eye of criticism to the matter. Anyone who has read one of his less famous works, *Elizabeth and Essex*, might have an eye-opener if he tried an experiment with a re-reading. Let him first take down Vol. 5, *D.N.B.* and turn to Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, and read the article thereon by the sometimes decried Sidney Lee. It is a careful, efficient piece of work. Then let him read Lytton Strachey's book and, after turning the last page, return to Sidney Lee. He will be astonished to find in Strachey's "brilliant" study hardly a single fact not found in *D.N.B.*, hardly an item in Essex's career omitted or transposed from Lee's article or any item added. Not a conclusion of Lee's challenged, not a new theory put forward. It is *copy-cat*. It is dressing an accepted lay figure in new artistic draperies. It is style, not history; manner, not research—the *modiste's* art. It added nothing to human knowledge, if it added to human grace or literary art. That is indeed praiseworthy, but it affects our judgment of Strachey. It inclines us in justice to catalogue him not with the historians or searchers after truth, but with the stylists

And, indeed, it is as a stylist that his influence has been most potent in our literature and not always for good. He dazzled the young writers of his day, and they all went with shining morning face to school in his form-room. For he was a master after their own hearts. Here was a man who encouraged their youthful cynicism and was perfectly ready to debunk anything and everybody set in tradition or set on pedestals. He put forth the slogan that to be dead is to be ridiculous, and they adopted it without question and smashed the Victorian (and earlier) Valhallas in a glorious orgy of image-breaking. It ceased to be safe to die, and at a time (of all others in history) when the laugh was 99 per cent. on the farther and darker bank of Styx; when the fool's-cap of human folly and political myopia was crowning the age in which those young writers lived, and when all wisdom (so much as human beings have ever achieved) lay buried in the past, dust with the dust of our forefathers

Style—Its Strength and Weaknesses.—Now, style is a great virtue in a writer. Some acquire it by playing the "sedulous ape"; some (the men of action) by the very simplicity of an untrained writer, who tell a grand story of action in the short sentences which alone they can compass and with the restricted vocabulary at their command. Such was Captain Scott. Some achieve the same simplicity by infinite pains, knowledge and art. Of such is Masefield. Some "action" writers improve on that magic simplicity with ornaments and flowers. Of such was Napier. There are the Macaulays and the Trevelyans, the graceful Rosebery, the enchanting Froude, the less spectacular Morley and so forth. If I say that an inconspicuous style best suits the historian and biographer (as opposed to the essayist), it is a personal opinion only. Now, among these writers named haphazard, there are some who quite definitely allowed the body of truth to be wagged by a tail, usually a politically-biased tail. But none, I think, who allowed the body of truth to be wagged by the tail of their own style.

It is, in my submission, true of the school of Strachey that *that* is the chief fault of their apprenticeship to Strachey. The literary dress fashions which they adopted from this Master Papillon could never be clothes of ceremony, clothes suitable for Sunday worship. Those who wear them must for ever jeer, for ever decry, for ever debunk and destroy reputations; never, never worship at any shrine or praise the virtue or the wisdom of a dead man. They are the clothes of an everlasting glorification of the living, of newly-attained wisdom, of scientific triumph at long last; clothes to mark the celebration of mankind's fate, but final and definitive, emergence to the rank of *Homo sapiens*. Wisdom and invention can go no farther. All the past is junk and shoddy, reprehensible if not so ludicrously funny.

And that, you must admit, is the sign of a pretty primitive mentality and, in an historian, a clear proof that, whatever he has read, he has not studied history.

The Tail Wags the Dog.—A style is good in a writer, but when his style guides his approach to truth, and limits his orbit of judgment on facts presented to him, he is better without it, if he calls himself an historian. Take Mr. Guedalla. None will deny that his style is all his own, but none will deny that he owes something to Strachey's influence. You may admire or dislike his brilliance and fireworks. If you grow tired of it, it is probably the result of his faithfulness to an early model, greatly esteemed as a novelty. The pattern never varies, the stock-in-trade is never recruited. The same rockets and Catherine-wheels for ever cut the night sky. If you still admire it, you must soberly admit that it lends itself only to attack, never to defence, to debunking, not to rehabilitating; to iconoclasm, not to reinstatement; to cynicism and jeers, not to hero-worship. It is only if you accept the exuberant premise that every generation is wiser than its fathers, and go further to the premise that to be dead is to be ridiculous; that you can accept his exuberant style as fit for an historian and a seeker after truth. If you reject those fatuous premises, you must reject his style as unsuited to cool discrimination and impartial judgment, and admit that it is the master and not the servant of one who claims to write history.

Mr. Guedalla is a figure in contemporary literature. The Strachey school turned out smaller fry by the score, of both sexes. The lesser the pupil, the more he or she played sedulous ape to the master's style; the bigger fish shaped their tails for themselves. But all, or nearly all, are wagged by their tails (like the master), and the school remains, an affair of squibs and fireworks, which has done little to lighten our darkness in any permanent form; at the best giving a brilliant meteor flash, at the worst the fizzling glow of a damb squib. Its contributions to history have been exaggerated. It has not succeeded in holding a fair balance between past and present, nor viewed human progress (in the only way it can be viewed) as a river. Without its source, it would be a dry bed; without an outlet to the sea, it would be a stagnant pool. We are not yet at the mouth; we are still related to, and depend on, the source. We are *not* wiser than our fathers. We mistake cleverness for wisdom.

I would not for all the world leave the matter there. I have a profound admiration for Strachey's art. I have derived immense pleasure and profit from his writings, and often noted with keen appreciation his generosity, breadth and impartiality. A master he surely was, and the extent of his influence on literature is fairly measured by the number of his imitators.

What I suggest is that his weapons are only safe and effective in the hands of highly-skilled workmen, and then only if those craftsmen are at the height of their powers. In any other hands they are dangerous or ineffective and a menace to historical truth. They turn out Hollywood history.

A PLEASANT COUNTRYSIDE SCENE FROM THE RURAL HEART OF BRITAIN: Henry Burnside tours the country all the year round, from Land's End to John o' Groats, on his specially strengthened bicycle. This has a grindstone geared to the jacked-up back wheel. Here he is seen at Beare Hill Farm, Cawton (in North Devon), doing a job for Farmer Harry Westlake

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this publication should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export

The New London Stage Productions

Reviewed by PHILIP PAGE

"*THE LISBON STORY.*"—A theatre's tradition can be a trifle dangerous. Almost ever since I have known the London Hippodrome it has been associated with light-hearted, amusing shows (though it started its career as a cinema, than which, in my opinion, no form of alleged entertainment is more depressing). *The Lisbon Story*, its latest production, is not in the least funny, and is "leagues and a thousand miles away" from the shows in which the late Harry Tate, at his brilliant best, was wont to set the theatre in a roar. But it is not intended to be funny, and to strike a new note (I am not referring to another George Black production elsewhere) is no bad thing, particularly in these days when so many London theatres are littered with rather tedious revivals. The play has an over-elaborate plot about unpleasant Nazis in occupied Paris, about a popular young French actress who is shot on the stage by the unpleasantest of the Nazis, and about all sorts of deceptions and counter-plots which I simply could not follow On the other hand, it is beautifully dressed, with really fine decor generally, and it has some pretty music. Miss Patricia Burke (who is also a brilliant young actress) and Miss Eleanor Fayre contribute some of the best singing I have ever heard in this theatre.

Sweet and Low.—In contrast to the Hippodrome show, this little revue at the Ambassador's is quite unelaborate and, for the most part, quite funny. It owes most of its fun to Miss Hermione Gingold. I have heard her described as an acquired taste, but this is a taste most theatre-goers seem to have acquired. She is particularly good in a daring sketchlet in what I took to be a railway signal-box. Mr. Walter Crisham is a genuine comedian with a Noel Cowardish touch at times. But he is a better dancer than Mr. Coward. Mr. Bonar Colleano is not in the least like the late Mr. Bonar Law, who, so far as I know, could not perform really amazing acrobatics and imitations.

The Judgement of Dr. Johnson.—The late G. K. Chesterton was a dramatist only as a side-line, though he wrote one clever play. That play is not *The Judgement of Dr. Johnson*, a dullish comedy which is neither good Chesterton nor good Johnson. But its revival at the Arts Theatre is justified by the admirable performance of Mr. Julian Mitchell as Johnson. Mr. Mitchell is one of the very best of our character-actors

FROM BOTH ENDS OF THE MEDITERRANEAN

Scenes with the Forces in Cairo and in Gibraltar

THE BIGGEST MILITARY PARADE EVER HELD IN CAIRO, at which thirty-four Nations were represented : The most impressive military spectacle ever seen in the Egyptian capital took place on June 14, when 5,000 troops, with tanks, armoured cars and many other vehicles, marched through the city. Squadrons of R.A.F. fighter-planes swooped low to salute the flags of thirty-four United Nations. General Sir Henry Maitland Wilson took the salute as the men and women of many Services and many nationalities marched past. Behind him were members of the Egyptian Government, diplomatic officials, and senior Air Force, Army and Navy officers. During the parade Victoria Cross ribbons were presented to Brigadier Campbell and Major H. W. le Patourel. This picture shows the General at the saluting base before the parade began. On his right is Mr. R. G. Casey, Minister of State : on his left are two Generals from the Chinese Military Mission

GENERAL SIR MAITLAND WILSON'S NEW CARAVAN HEAD-QUARTERS : The British Commander-in-Chief in the Middle East has just taken delivery of a new caravan for use as his Battle H.Q. in the field. Mounted on a Bedford 3-ton lorry, the body has been built and fitted by Army craftsmen. All the woodwork, which is beautifully polished, is salvaged material from scrapped motor bodies. The caravan contains a bed, sofa, desk, sideboard, wardrobe, chest of drawers, radio, electric fan, washstand and clock. There are two water tanks—one for washing, the other for drinking. All doors and windows are fitted with fly-screens and black-out curtains. General Wilson's Rifle Brigade badge is mounted over his bed. The caravan was handed over by Major V. Gayford, R.E.M.E., the O.C. of the workshops where it was made

THE ALAMEIN CLUB, Egypt's "Thank You" gift to the Eighth Army, opens in Cairo : The Navy is represented at the opening : Egypt's gift to the Eighth Army—the Alamein Club—was opened in the capital at the end of May. It is only a short time ago that subscription lists were opened for the citizens of Egypt to show their appreciation and gratitude to the Army for throwing the Axis out of Egypt. Over 40,000 Egyptian pounds were subscribed quickly and more money continues to come in. Besides providing a Club for British troops, the fund will also provide a permanent Rest Home in England. The Egyptian Government has made available for club premises all the buildings of the Educational Department and the Sports Ground just beyond the Kaser-el-Nil bridge on Gezira Island. At the opening ceremony there were speeches by Egyptian and British high officials, and among the guests were the Egyptian Premier and the British Ambassador

SOUTH AFRICAN SOLDIERS AT THE ALAMEIN CLUB watching a dance performed by Madame Badia's entertainers on the opening night

"SPRING PARTY" OPENS AS AN ALL-STAR SHOW AT GIBRALTAR : Included in this concert-party scene are Miss Kay Young, Mr. Richard Hayden, Miss Dorothy Dickson, Mr. Nicholas Phipps and Miss Vivien Leigh ; in front is Miss Beatrice Lillie. All these star artists have been entertaining the troops at the Theatre Royal, Gibraltar. Needless to say, the theatre has been filled nightly—and at prices which range from one shilling down to threepence ! The show has been presented under the auspices of E.N.S.A

THE E.N.S.A. PARTY OF LONDON STAGE STARS VISIT THE NAVY AT GIBRALTAR : Leaving the flight deck of an aircraft-carrier by way of the aircraft lift

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

ORATORY THAT WILL LIVE FOR EVER

The Speeches of English Prime Ministers from Walpole to Churchill; A Stirring Diary of Malta; A Tale of Wartime France; Complicated Deaths and Loves

THERE is a rich treasury to be found in a book that I have only started to study this week, and that I hope to keep by me for years as a reference and "refresher course" in English oratory.

ENGLAND IS HERE (John Lane. 10s. 6d.) is a collection of speeches and writings by the Prime Ministers of this country from the days of Robert Walpole to the Churchill of to-day. These passages have been selected and edited by Mr. W. L. Hanchant with discretion, taste and a vigorous appreciation of the dramatic. Here, for instance, is George Grenville speaking in 1767:

"I love a bold Minister when he keeps in the true sphere. In times of distress and danger boldness is a jewel: and with joy have I seen bold, even wild enterprises succeed, though hardly within the die when undertaken."

And here, almost 200 years later, are more familiar words:

"We shall defend our island, whatever the cost may be. We shall fight on the beaches, we shall fight on the landing-grounds, we shall fight in the fields and in the streets, we shall fight in the hills. We shall never surrender, and even if, which I do not for a moment believe, this island or a large part of it were subjugated and starving, then our Empire beyond the seas, armed and guarded by the British Fleet, would carry on the struggle, until, in God's good time, the New World, with all its power and might, steps forth to the rescue and the liberation of the Old."

In this volume, too, is Wellington's famous letter written during the course of the Peninsular wars, and since circulated by General Auchinleck to all his headquarters officers in the Middle East:

"My Lord, if I attempted to answer the mass of futile correspondence that surrounds me, I should be debarred from all serious business of campaigning." In this book are words that transcend rhetoric, and attain the measure of great deeds.

TATTERED BATTLEMENTS (Peter Davies. 7s. 6d.) is the story of the defence of Malta told in the form of a diary, which was kept by a young fighter-pilot who took part in that defence and who has fortunately survived to prepare the diary for publication. It covers a few months from March 1942, and through it one can see the inspiring sequence of events which started with an apparently hopeless handicap in the lack of planes and ended, after a steady and stubborn defence against superior German forces, with the realisation that a difficult job had been well done, and that Malta had lived up to her tradition of hard fighting against what sometimes must have seemed inevitable defeat.

A slight parallel is drawn between the men of the R.A.F. and the original Order of the Knights of St. John, but this analogy is not laboured.

The author is able to make the reader feel with him, emotionally and in action, and the book takes strength from this reality. He writes well, and with admirable economy. It is a straightforward account of battles, bombing, planes shot down, pilots who are killed and pilots who go on fighting, always outnumbered. Although the author is anonymous he explains that the names of those who were killed have not been changed or omitted, and that "it is profoundly hoped that this decision will cause no unnecessary suffering; perhaps on the contrary, since the manner of their passing became them and their Service so well, a record of it may bring, not sorrow, but strength and comfort to those to whom they belonged."

Before the author was shot down and himself seriously wounded in May 1942, he wrote this revealing passage, very simple and possibly quite typical of both himself and his colleagues:

"I remembered that when we had first arrived the C.O. had told the A.O.C. that we should fight to the last aircraft, and that I had felt pleased and rather heroic. I knew that I did not feel heroic any more and wondered whether I could still fight to the end; on the whole, I thought I could, but felt no certainty. What I did know was that the only thing which made me go on, in the face of everything, was not devotion to a theory or ideal, but a determination to satisfy my own self-respect by doing what I had set out to do. . . ."

The publication of RUNNING TO PARADISE (Methuen. 9s. 6d.) marks the arrival on the literary scene of a new young author, Mr. John Lodwick, whose first novel this is.

It is violent, gay, aggressive and likeable, and hums with lively incident. The author has, in fact, pumped new life into the old escape-from-France theme. Some of the episodes, horribly authentic, impress one as the product of grim experience; others are obviously impudent inventions, the product of a humorous and free imagination. Incontestably, however, this is an author to watch; one who will write an even better book when he has learned to rein in his restive talent..

For his present novel Mr. Lodwick uses a plot which is beginning to be overworked, and by far less well-equipped authors. It is the story of a man, Adrian Dormant, who joins the French Foreign Legion at the beginning of this war and, when the main German Army streams south, takes part in some of the fiercest fighting at Soissons, with his particular friends, the American Bollard and the Irishman Dumble.

As regimental observers they are in the front line. The Sixth French Army is disorganised by vastly superior arms and numbers, and compelled to retire to the Marne. The fighting is hideous. Those who do not die go mad. After he has seen Bollard and Dumble killed, Dormant decides, near Champigny, to desert before the rest of his reduced regiment is overcome, and to try to reach England.

His last fighting is in an isolated hut with a party of Frenchmen led by a professor named Durand. Their heroic resistance is futile, and Dormant and Durand are thrown into a prison camp. They escape and make their way together across country until personal differences separate them. By slow and difficult stages Dormant tramps towards the Spanish frontier, keeping always off the main roads, sometimes help and sometimes molested and insulted by the French. At Charolles he steals a bicycle from a brutal officer, and near Avignon is jailed for the theft. He is transferred to Marseilles, where he meets Dumble, not dead after all, but in much the same case as himself. They persuade American authorities that they are British, and when released they hide away on a train to Spain. On arrival there they are pursued at the station and Dumble is killed. But "Dormant let himself fall to safety and began to run. . . ."

Mr. Sutherland Scott, in a disarming foreword, tells his readers that his present thriller-story is "an escape back to those happy days when murder was still an individual achievement." THE NIGHT AIR IS DANGEROUS (Stanley Paul. 8s. 6d.) certainly has its share of murders—a whole series of them—and they are very lively affairs, in so far as that word can apply to deaths by strychnine, strangulation and suggestion.

Mr. Scott has a nice sense of the complications inherent in such a subject, a generous estimate of his readers' nerves and only an intermittent respect for the laws of logic. All this adding up to 160 pages of exciting reading only spoilt for me by the excessive Scotchness of Inspector Thom.

THE WIND (Methuen. 9s. 6d.) from which E. M. Findlay's novel takes its title must be a gusty, capricious and possibly an easterly one, not so much the wind that "bloweth where it listeth" as a disconcerting current that would put everyone in its reach more than a little on edge.

For this is a curious book; two love-stories which follow a fairly simple pattern, but whose progress is obscured by infinite elaborations of speech, and by the tortuous self-expression of the four characters concerned. Ben loves Clare, and John loves Stephanie, and their loves are returned. Ben also takes a favourable view of Stephanie, but not with enough intensity to upset the course of things. Why, then, one is inclined to wonder, all the talk?

For the talk is interminable, and as unreal as it is endless. The writer is admittedly sensitive, and to many causes; to emotion, to light and colour, to material beauty and physical comeliness. To everything, it would appear, but the possibility of bathos

THE LITTLE SWEDISH PRINCESSES IN THEIR NATIVE COSTUMES. Wearing colourful costumes of their country, the three Swedish Princesses are here seen playing in their home at Haga, near Stockholm. They are (left to right) Princess Birgitta, aged six; Princess Margaretha, aged eight; and Princess Desiree, aged four. They are the daughters of Prince Gustaf Adolph and Princess Sibylla, granddaughters of the Crown Prince, and great-granddaughters of Sweden's eighty-five-year-old monarch

OVER 5,000,000 BOOKS SALVAGED IN LONDON. This great number of volumes has been contributed in the London area alone. Many of them have already been sorted out and sent either to libraries for the Forces or to help in the national salvage effort

The seventh edition of MODERN READING (Big Ben Books. 9d.) has been edited by Mr. Reginald Moore, and consists of thirteen short stories, nine poems and two essays, all of them published here for the first time.

The list of contributors includes some new—and promising—writers and such distinguished names as John Cowper Powys, W. J. Turner, Benedict Thielen, James Hanley, Graham Greene and Dilys Powell.

The level of the contents is inclined to be uneven, but on the whole this is a commendable collection, and at a very welcome price.

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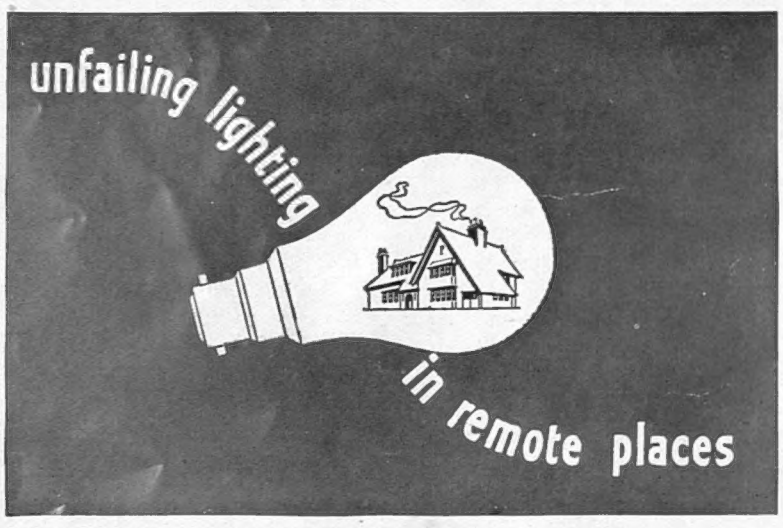

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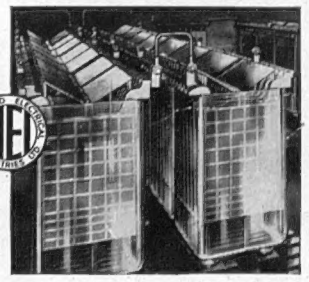

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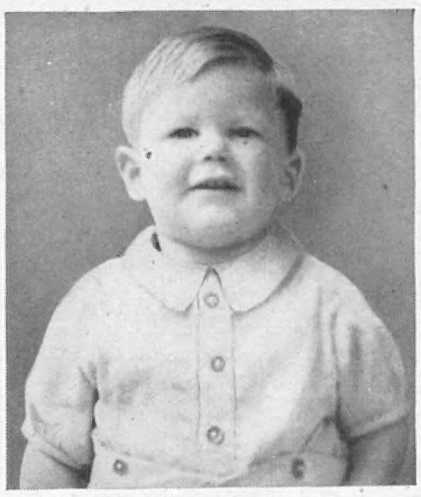

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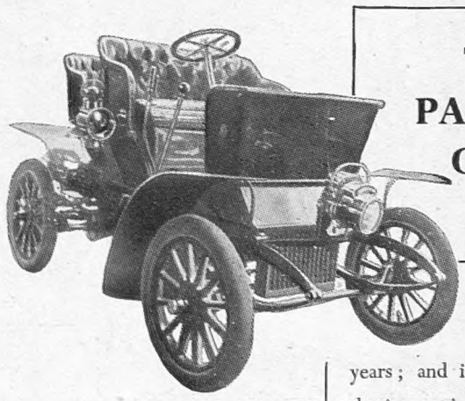

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